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OUR
LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN.

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OUR
LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN.

A COLLECTION OF

THOUGHTS IN PROSE AND VERSE.



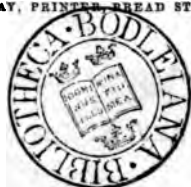
With an Introduction,

BY THE LATE REV. HENRY ROBBINS, M.A.

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HAPPY are they who receive all they possess as loans from the great Giver. Happy are they who, if smitten and bereft of any earthly gifts, can say with Job, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Happy are they who can hear the cold chilling sound of the grave closing upon the earthly remains of a being dearly loved, and say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

If there be few, who, while the stroke is fresh and the suffering keen, can bow beneath the rod and kiss the hand that smites, the reason arises from no defect in God's comforts or the divine promises, but has its root and origin in ourselves. We receive as if we had purchased; we hold, as if a property for ever, that which at best is short lived as we. We are not prepared to part with that which seemed a portion of ourselves, and, as we think too little of our own mortality, we reckon too much on the endurance of that which is like a vapour that passeth away.

The Old Testament theory, set forth as a doctrine and exhibited in practice, is the best balm; for

therein we learn, that children are "an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord." Thus Eve received her first-born, "I have gotten a man from the Lord;" and thus she received Seth in his brother's room. So David, when the child of his sin was cut off, was willing to be comforted, for he knew that it was unsinning, and therefore, in the triumph of his sorrowing faith, could say, "I shall go to him, but he shall not come to me;" while in the case of the ripened and hardened sinner who fell in the climax of his guilt, his heart almost broke with the cry, "Oh! Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee." There is in him no hope, no thought of regaining the one really lost. There lies before him a deep and dark abyss. In the conduct of Hagar and of the Shunammite, we have examples which seem to illustrate the difference between one who sees not God in the suffering and the other who knows that God is nigh in all. The poor wanderer cannot bear to look on her child's sufferings, and the mother's tenderness takes the strange course of withdrawing from the sight of that child's agony. She cannot bear the burden, and she does not cast it upon Him who would have sustained her; she forgets the experience of her first flight and tardy acknowledgment, "Thou, God, seest me," and enacts again forgetfulness of God, as seen in her question, "Have I also here looked after Him that seeth me?"

The Shunammite's character is particularly interesting and instructive. There is a training for trial ; a preparation for suffering, and that a suffering of the sternest, severest kind. She has faith enough to give a cup of cold water to a disciple, in the name of a disciple, and she loses not her reward. She receives that for which she asks not. In her case, that joyous event befalls, namely, a birth in a childless family. The child grows. All her love is drawn towards him. The child is well, and looks like a beautiful bud of promise ; there may be no sign or symptom of weakness, but in a moment, in the joyous season of harvest, the messenger of death speeds forth, and the child can but cry, " My head, my head," and he is borne to die in his mother's arms. What a wrench ! what a struggle ! what a victory ! The darling of her heart, the unexpected one, the child of old age is gone. What can she do ? She has received him as a precious gift, a loan from the Lord. She believes, and her faith overcomes all hindrances. To her doubting husband, who can see no good in applying to the prophet but on a festival, she replies, " All shall be well." Mark her burning haste : she turns neither to the right hand nor to the left : her heart is fixed. What triumphant faith ! when she can think of that little chamber and that cold form, the grave as it were of all her hopes, her mother's love, and yet reply " All is well." She sees God

in the stroke, comes to his servant, clings to him, mildly yet faithfully pleads the unasked gift as a reason for its restoration. He who gave can forgive. He who hath taken away can restore. "O woman, great is thy faith." The messenger of the covenant is present, and it is unto her even as she wills. What she saw in the greatness of the divine presence, surely the Christian parent may see in the sweetness of the divine promise, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

The Shunammite believes in the restoration of her child. The Christian parent looks to the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life. He can say, with the wise woman of Tekoa, "We are as water spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again; neither doth God respect any person: yet doth He devise means, that his banished be not expelled from Him." The Christian parent believes that all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live. He knows that his little one, who has not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, and has yet paid the penalty of a corrupted nature, made mortal by sin (for death came by sin)—that this little one shall rise again, and hear the welcome of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven:" "of such," in simplicity and innocency;

"of such," who in "malice are children." Yes, He shall welcome them, who took a little child and set him in the midst as an emblem of humility, and thus rebuked the pride which thinks that the capacity for Heaven consists in intellect or greatness of any kind, other than "the beauty of holiness." "The pure in heart shall see God." It is written also that "without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Nor will it be too much to say that the glimpses which we have in the Old and New Testaments of God's glory in heaven, reveal to us mainly holiness as its characteristic. Thus, in the vision of Isaiah (chap. vi.) the Seraphim proclaim Jehovah as the "Holy, holy, holy, Lord of Hosts;" and in the Book of Revelation (chap. iv.) the living creatures or Cherubim "rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The white robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb, are the mark of the redeemed. No thing that is unclean can enter in. Though the chiefest and greatest of sinners is made clean in the blood of the Lamb, and finds in this alone his title to glory, yet there would seem to be a special blessedness in being removed from this sinful world before the commission of actual sin has darkened the soul and made it less fit to see the glory of its Creator. At least, we may, without presumption, cherish the thought that the undefiled ones, the virgins, will have a special sphere in the infinite range

of the Redeemer's glory. In bereavements, however, the Christian parent needs something more than speculation for support. He wants to plant his trembling steps on certainty, to stand upon a rock, and this he will find in the sure and certain hope that the little one, which has departed for a season, is with Christ, a lamb folded in the arms of the good Shepherd. He wants to say that it is not lost, but gone before.

It may please and gratify to enter the wide range of fancy. It may divert from some moments of sorrow to picture the little one as hovering on angelic wings around us ; but deep grief needs more than diversion. It wants to have its bitterness sweetened with the cordial that God, a loving Father, has resumed his own, and awaits the mourner too in his kingdom. Such has been the experience of God's children. They have had faith to regard the young ear garnered as the first fruits of harvest. An example or two of this faith may be pardoned.

Madame Guyon was much tried in her family, and in a way which gave intensity to her feelings for her children. Her second child filled the measure of a mother's fondness and hopes. Her heart was fixed upon him, but God took her Jacob. "This blow," she says, "struck me to the heart. I was overwhelmed ; but God gave me strength in my weakness. I loved my young boy tenderly ; but though I was greatly afflicted in his death, I saw

the hand of the Lord so clearly, that I shed no tears. I offered him up to God, and said, in the language of Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the Lord.' " *

In less than two years, another child was taken from her, a daughter three years of age : " as dearly beloved, as truly lovely." Young as she was, she loved God in an extraordinary manner. Madame Guyon writes : " I looked upon her as my great and almost my only consolation on earth." " She died of an unseasonable bleeding. But what shall I say ?—she died by the hands of Him, who was pleased to strip me of all." †

Again, the saintly and devoted missionary, Henry W. Fox, himself weakened by the climate of India, and smitten with stroke upon stroke, speaks a lesson of comfort by his patient, or rather, triumphant submission. Embarking at Madras with a hope of saving the life of his wife, the same night he is found a widower ; and, leaving her remains in the burial-ground at Madras, he is soon obliged to embark with his three children for England.

In a few days, the youngest sickens and dies. The vessel puts into Cuddalore, and the child is buried. Before him there is a long and dreary voyage. On board there is no one who can enter into his sorrows, yet he can write : " He has repeated his blow, still in love, in taking little Johnnie

* Life, p. 82. Low.

† P. 96.

to Himself. * * * His dear mother has been spared the sorrow, and now has the joy of receiving him."

Again, "What a precious treasure is accumulating for us in the presence of God; how many are waiting to rejoice with us! and yet I desire to look forward, not so much to the rejoicing in meeting them again, *as to the joy of beholding the King in his beauty.* * * * Blessed be God for his Gospel, and blessed also be his name that He has made us to know it; and I add, Blessed be God for those years of happiness which He allowed me to spend with my dear, dear wife, and for the dear children He has given me, *one of whom, as a sort of first fruits, He has already taken home*: I have a strong assurance that He will hear our prayers for the conversion of the other two." Such is the blessedness of Christian experience! Such is the calm assurance and patient trust of the tried servants of God! That grace which was sufficient for them is so for those who are in like trials. It is a strength asked for and received; sought and found. It is from above, and it raises from the light affliction to the eternal weight of glory.

It may be well, in passing from that which is the chief source of the sorrower's consolation, to glance at some lesser helps which seem provided to alleviate the burden. The lessons in an infant's grave are many. The first thought is surprise that one so young should die. Then there is the sympathy for


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the parent reft of its offspring. It is also humbling that death hath passed upon all, and that some of every age must die. The doctrine of inherited corruption stands forth prominent. Nature seems to set its seal to the truths of revelation. The Bible Christian knows that death came by sin, and that where there is no sin there is no death. The sting of death is sin. Where there is no actual commission of sin and yet there is death, it must be the consequence of inherited, transmitted, or original sin. This may be called the humbling theological lesson of every little one's grave.* Furthermore, the voice being unexpected is the more startling; to the young particularly it has a special loudness. It seems as if it *would* be heard even by the thoughtless. The shock does not convert, but it may gain a hearing for the converting truth, as Bishop Horsley argues in the case of adults. If one to whom God has spared his own children may yet speak of his experience of early impressions, there are few sights more arresting to the young than the cold pale form of the infant prepared for the grave.† Years may pass, but the sight is not forgotten. A loving parent felt the

* The sceptic's objection is powerfully answered by Mr. Binney in a striking passage.—See Appendix.

† What a lesson is this sentence of the uncertainty of all things! In scarcely more than a week from the time at which these words were written, it pleased God, by a most unexpected stroke, to transfer to His own kingdom of glory the writer's youngest darling. "Thy will be done!"

force and the need of the lesson for her children, and obtained permission for them to enter the chamber of the dead. That strange, unearthly, speechless form had a voice to the youthful gazer. There was a deep solemnity in this presence of death. But the voice was louder and the tone more solemn when, a few years after, the messenger called for an infant brother. It was a loud thunder-clap in the early morn of a still Sabbath ; how beautifully calm was external nature on that morning, yet what a tempest within the stricken heart ! This was the first death in the family. Here was a grief which refused to be comforted. The young heart seemed as if it would burst with sadness ; and, knowing but little of its own lightness, dreamed that joy was gone for ever. Questionings of heart and conscience, childlike or childish if you please, arose and doubtless did their work. It was a message from God. Thoughts of death, and judgment, and eternity, were vividly presented ; and if, when time passed, the burden of grief became lighter and sorrow had even disappeared, yet that little grave has spoken its lessons. That little mound of turf marked by no gravestone has had its voice. It could not be forgotten. God has spoken by it. It has often whispered in the days of boyhood ; yes, and in the hours of manhood. It is the grave of the first in that family who passed into the heavenly Canaan. None have been joined to it there ; but the trumpet of the Archangel will



summon the dead from the four winds of Heaven, and gather them in one, if they are in Christ. There is no beauty or romance in the situation; though the church is a fine structure, like many on that coast, which serve as landmarks. There is nothing to strike in the surrounding scenery, though it is almost within the sound of the mighty waters. To the stranger it may be uninteresting, but not so to those who have an interest in that solitary grave. There are some to whom it is very dear: not because it fastens to itself, but because it links itself to the heavenly. Mortality shall become immortality; corruption incorruption. Then even in God's time shall be brought to pass that which is written—"death is swallowed up in victory." "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." *

July 26th, 1858.

P.S.—It cannot but be interesting to the readers of this little selection, to be informed of the dealings of God, in his perfect wisdom and goodness, with

* 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17, 18.

the Author of the foregoing introduction. After several years of more than ordinarily faithful labour in the ministry in the east of London, he was laid aside in the year 1854 by no doubtful indications of spinal paralysis, caused, as it is believed, by his unremitting exertions in his Master's service. He was induced to retire in search of health to the curacy of Blendworth, in the county of Hampshire, where (in the absence of the incumbent from ill health) he laboured far beyond his decreasing strength. When entirely disabled by his disease, so as to be able to use neither hands nor feet, he still preached and lectured from his chair, and dictated constantly to his wife. After a residence of two years at Blendworth, full of profit and usefulness to the parish, he was constrained to give up all further idea of direct work in the ministry, but was for two years more permitted to speak frequently in schoolrooms and in private, and to preach, by his entire resignation to the will of his God and Saviour, many a lesson of faith and patience, which he could not have inculcated so forcibly in the time of his health and strength. While this little book was in progress, during the month of July, and within a few days of his dictating the sentence on page xiii. of the Introduction, speaking of himself as one "to whom God had spared his children," he was called upon to part with his youngest child, most suddenly and unexpectedly. The little boy, a child of seven

years of age, departed calmly and peacefully, in simple trust and faith that he was going to a better world ; and the parents were strengthened by God, and supported by the promises with which, in the preparation of this book, they had been delighting themselves. From that time, however, the stricken father began to sink, and on the 13th of October entered into his rest, " more than conqueror," through Him who loved him and gave Himself for him. Thus, at the early age of thirty-eight, has passed away, in God's inscrutable Providence, one whose energy, knowledge, and devotion have not often been surpassed. His reading was immense, and the care which he bestowed upon every book which he read was most remarkable. Even while an undergraduate at Oxford, he wrote more than once in defence of the Protestant truths then assailed by the writers of the " Tracts for the Times ;" and he was afterwards the editor of the " Christian's Monthly Magazine," a work published peculiarly in opposition to Tractarian error, and containing many contributions from eminent clergymen. His labours, we may humbly believe, were not in vain in the Lord ; and this last of his works, truly a labour of love, undertaken amidst great and increasing weakness, will, it is hoped, be a comfort to many sorrowing parents, and aid them to sorrow not as those who have no hope.

November 4th, 1858.



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"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."—2 KINGS iv. 26.

SENTENCES FROM SCRIPTURE.

"THE Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job. i. 21.

"And Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. xix. 14.

"Jesus said, Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 10.

"And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins. These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God."—Rev. xiv. 1—5.



Our Little Ones in Heaven.

THE DEATH OF DAVID'S CHILD.

AND the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David, and it was very sick. David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth. And the elders of his house arose, and went to him, to raise him up from the earth: but he would not, neither did he eat bread with them.

And it came to pass on the seventh day, that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead: for they said, "Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spake unto him, and he would not hearken unto our voice: how will he then vex himself, if we tell him that the child is dead?"

But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead: therefore

David said unto his servants, "Is the child dead?" And they said, "He is dead." Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat.

Then said his servants unto him, "What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread." And he said, "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, 'Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?' But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."—2 *Samuel* xii.

THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

"These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb."—*REV.* xiv. 4.

SAY, ye celestial guards who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace gate,
Say, who are these on golden wings,
That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,

Their palms and garlands telling plain
That they are of the glorious martyr train,
Next to yourselves, ordain'd to praise
His name, and brighten as on him they gaze?

But where their spoils and trophies? Where
The glorious dint a martyr's shield should bear?
How chance no cheek among them wears
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears;
But all is bright and smiling love,
As if, fresh borne from Eden's happy grove,
They had flown here, their king to see,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

Ask, and some angel will reply,—
“These, like yourselves, were born to sin and
die;
But ere the poison root was grown,
God set His seal, and mark'd them for His own.
Baptized in blood for Jesus' sake,
Now underneath the cross their bed they make;
Not to be scared from that sure rest
By frighten'd mother's shriek, or warrior's waving
crest.”

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet,
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet;
Bless'd Jesus ever loved to trace
The “innocent brightness” of an infant's face;

He raised them in His holy arms,
He bless'd them from the world and all its harms :
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's
name.

Then, as each fond unconscious child
On th' everlasting Parents sweetly smil'd,
(Like infants sporting on the shore,
That trembled not at Ocean's boundless roar,)
Were they not present to thy thought,
All souls that in their cradles thou hast bought ?
But chiefly these who died for Thee,
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder death to
see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction stored
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasured hopes, just born, baptized, and gone.
Oh joy for Rachael's broken heart !
She and her babes shall meet no more to part ;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe embraced.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,
Where to behold them was her heart's first prayer ;
She dares not grieve—but she must weep,
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,

Teaching so well and silently,
How at the Shepherd's call the lamb should die :
How happier far than life, the end
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burthen bend.

Extracted from the "Christian Year."

ON TWO CHILDREN

DYING OF ONE DISEASE AND BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

BROUGHT forth in sorrow and bred up in care,
Two tender children here entombed are :
One place, one sire, one womb, their being gave,
They had one mortal sickness and one grave.
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their parents' tears
This comfort mingles ; though their dayes were few,
They scarceley sinne, but never sorrow knew ;
So that they well might boast, they carry'd hence
What riper ages lose—their innocence.
You pretty losses, that revive the fate,
Which in your mother death did antedate.
O let my high swol'n grief distill on you
The saddest drops of a parental dew :
You ask no other dower than what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies :

When once I have discharged that mournfull skore,
Heaven hath decreed you here shall cost no more,
Since you release and quit my borrowed trust,
By taking this inheritance of dust.

*Extracted from BISHOP KING's Psalms and
Poems, A.D. 1620—30.*

THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

" These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits
unto God and to the Lamb."—REV. xiv. 4.

FIRST-FRUITs to God!—a day of grief
Called them from earth away;
First martyrs for their Saviour's sake,
Redeem'd by Christ are they.

Lo! on Mount Zion now they stand,
And chant the unknown song,
And voice of harpers and their harps
Comes from that ransomed throng.

Nor they alone, but many a brow
That wore brief trace of pain,
That caught, perchance, one gleam of light,
Rejoices with those slain.

Now, shelter'd safe in Jesus' arms,
They gaze on life below,
And bless the power that call'd them home
From such a scene of woe.

Oh ! mother, hast thou wept and mourn'd,
Thy fairest blossom snapt ?
Hast thou bent o'er thy infant's form
In death's still slumber wrapt ?

And haply didst thou gaze and see
The snowy eyelids close ?
The long dark fringe-like lashes sweep
The young cheek's faded rose ?

Didst thou not linger near and clasp
The hand within thine own,
Lest it should wake—vain dream ! and find
Its little self alone ?

“ I see a fair and shining land
Most radiantly bright ;
There many, many children stand,
All crown'd and robed in light.

“ And see, they beckon me to come ;
They call to me, I know.
Nay ! weep not so, unfold thine arms,
Dear mother, let me go.

“ Shall I not, when I wear my wings,
A little angel be ?
Then, ere the first sweet violet springs,
I will come back to thee !

“ Thou wilt not see or hear me then,
Mother, so fond and dear !
But thou wilt know in hours of gloom
Thy child is hov’ring near.”

Oh, precious to a mother’s heart,
The bless’d assurance given,
That guileless one is gone to dwell
For evermore in heaven.

Altho’ by nature sin-defiled,
Seed of a fallen race,
Yet babes are all in Christ redeem’d ;
They share His saving grace.

And they are safe from grief and harm,
From evil days to come ;
They wait to welcome us below
To our eternal home.

Extracted from the “ Sacred Year

ON BERKELEY AND FLORENCE COLERIDGE.

O FRAIL as sweet ! twin buds, too rathe to bear
The winter’s unkind air ;
O gifts beyond all price, no sooner given
Than straight required by Heaven ;

Match'd jewels, vainly for a moment lent
To deck my brow, or sent
Untainted from the earth, as Christ's, to soar,
And add two spirits more
To that dread band seraphic, that doth lie
Beneath the Almighty's eye ;—
Glorious the thought—yet, ah ! my babes, ah ! still
A father's heart ye fill ;
Though cold ye lie in earth—though gentle death
Hath sucked your balmy breath,
And the last kiss which your fair cheeks I gave
Is buried in yon grave.
No tears, no tears—I wish them not again,
To die for them was gain,
Ere doubt, or fear, or woe, or act of sin
Had marr'd God's light within.

COLERIDGE.

ON THE DEATH OF SPENCER PERCIVAL
CROKER, BY HIS FATHER.

OH, pity us who lost when Spencer died
Our child, our hope, our pleasure, and our pride !
In him we saw, or fancied, all such youth
Could show of talents, tenderness, and truth ;
And hoped to other eyes his ripened powers
Would keep the promise they had made to ours ;
But God a different, better growth has given—
The seed he planted here now blooms in heaven.

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.

WE wept—'twas *Nature* wept,—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright
Behold thee in refulgent light !
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy Heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled ;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side ;
That but hears farewell and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies ;
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so ;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before ;
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory ;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness ;
Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,
“ Strength is perfected in weakness ; ”
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God ;

Sense looks downwards, *Faith* above ;
That sees harshness—*this* sees love.
Oh ! let *Faith* victorious be,
Let it reign triumphantly !
But thou art gone ! not lost, but flown.
Shall I then ask thee back, my own ?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness ?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness ?
Back—and leave thine angel mould ?
Back—and leave those streets of gold ?
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee ?
Back—from founts to which he leads thee ?
Back—and leave thy heavenly Father ?
Back—to earth and sin ?—Nay, rather
Would I live in solitude !
I *would* not ask thee if I *could* ;
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee !

Extracted from the "Floweret Gathered."

THE LOST DARLING.

SHE was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expression of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps following me,

Her hand upon my garments, or her lip
Close sealed to mine, and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness as none but mothers know.

Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the light-fingered breeze ; and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer—
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams. But now alone I sit,
Musing of her, and dew with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
A being formed so beautiful. I start,
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed
words—

“ Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest ! ”—then I weep,
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God !

And yet I wish I had not seen the pang
That wrung her features, nor the ghostly white
Setting around her lips. I would that heaven

Had taken its own, like some transplanted flower,
In all its bloom and freshness.

Gone to God !

Be still, my heart ! What could a mother's prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven ?

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE REAPER.

THERE is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair,” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain ?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves :
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,”
The Reaper said, and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'T was an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

LONGFELLOW.

THE WANDERER RECLAIMED.

A SHEPHERD long had sought in vain
To call a wandering sheep :
He strove to make its pathway plain
Through dangers thick and deep.

But yet the wanderer stood aloof,
And still refused to come ;
Nor would she ever hear reproof,
Or turn to seek her home.

At last the gentle shepherd took
Her little lamb from view !
The mother gazed with anguished look—
She turned—and followed too !

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love :—

“ They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime ;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

“To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain’s side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

“But nought can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,—

“Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o’er rocks and snow.

“And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.”

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south-wind free
O’er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep ;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise, and follow me.*"

MARIA LOWELL.

DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN.

YOUNG mother, he is gone !
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast ;
No more the music-tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly pressed ;
His smiles and happy laugh are lost to thee :
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour,
And he hath passed in beauty from the day,
A bud, not yet a flower,
Torn, in its sweetness, from the parent spray ;
The death-wind swept him to his soft repose,
As frost, in spring-time, blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,
Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at eventide serene and clear ;
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,
• A gladness must depart,
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim ;
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.

Yet, mourner, while the day
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,
And hope forbids one ray
To stream athwart the grief-discoloured sky,
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.

'Tis from the better land !
There, bathed in radiance that around them springs,
Thy loved one's wings expand ;
As with the choiring cherubim he sings,
And all the glory of that God can see,
Who said, on earth, to children, " Come to me."

Mother, thy child is blessed ;
And though his presence may be lost to thee,
And vacant leave thy breast,
And missed a sweet load from thy parent knee ;
Though tones familiar from thine ear have passed,
Thou 'lt meet thy first-born with his Lord at last.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

“WHAT shall I render Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?”
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams :—

“Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dews of love :
Send me that flower. Such flowers there are in
heaven.”

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

“Thou hast a little harp,—
How sweetly would it swell the angels’ hymn !
Yield me that harp.”

There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud,
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony. Again the voice
That stirred her vision :

“He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver.” So she raised

Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

TWO ON EARTH AND TWO IN HEAVEN.

Two on earth, their little feet
Glance like sunbeams round the door ;
Two in heaven, whose lips repeat
Words of blessings evermore.

Two on earth, at shut of day,
Softly sink to cradled rest ;
Two in heaven, more blessed than they,
Slumber on the Saviour's breast.

Two with crowns of budding flowers
Dance the summer skies beneath ;
Two in heaven's unfading bowers
Wear the glory like a wreath.

Two on earth, whose merry call
Stirs my heart to gladness now ;
Two in heaven, whose kisses fall
Through the silence on my brow.

Two on earth,—O, day by day,
Kneeling at my Father's throne,
Thus with pleading heart I pray,
"Shepherd, make my lambs thy own!"

Two within that sweeter home
Have no need of earthly prayer;
There with angel songs they roam
Through the pastures green and fair.

Oft I gaze with tearful eyes,
Where the churchyard daisies blow;
Oft my prayers are only sighs,
Yearning for my children so.

Yet I know the Shepherd's hand
Led them home in tender love;
Mine is sure a blessed band,
Two on earth and two above.

EMILY C. HUNTINGDON.

THE MEETING.

O! WHEN a mother meets on high
The child she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

SOUTHEY.

THE LOSS OF A LITTLE CHILD.

O ! SAY not 'twere a keener blow
To lose a child of riper years,
You cannot feel a mother's woe,
You cannot dry a mother's tears :
The girl who rears a sickly plant,
Or cherishes a wounded dove,
Will love them most while most they want
The watchfulness of love.

Time must have changed that fair young brow !
Time might have changed that spotless heart !
Years might have taught deceit—but now
In love's confiding dawn we part !
Ere pain or grief had wrought decay,
My babe is cradled in the tomb ;
Like some fair blossom torn away
Before its perfect bloom.

With thoughts of peril and of storm,
We see a bark first touch the wave ;
But distant seems the whirlwind's form,
As distant—as an infant's grave !
Though all is calm, that beauteous ship
Must brave the whirlwind's rudest breath ;
Though all is calm, that infant's lip
Must meet the kiss of death !

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

A BEREAVED FATHER'S ASSURANCE.

LIKE you, my friend, I have been called to witness the unexpected departure of my children. Two of them I committed to the same grave, where they sleep the sleep of death. They were growing up together like two young flowers, which had intertwined their tendrils, and mingled their sweet fragrance, but which were suddenly withered by the same rude blast. Like them, these children were lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided. The same storm overwhelmed them both. They lie, as it were, arm in arm, and side by side, in the same deep and narrow bed of earth, until they awake in the morning of the resurrection. Nor do they lie alone ; their narrow bed has been uncovered to receive another sleeper, the victim of a similar malady, whose sun of brightest promise went down while my heart was still rejoicing in the beauty of its day-spring.

It was when tossed upon that sea of trouble in which these sudden visitations involved me, I was led to the full investigation of the question of the salvation of infants. That examination more than confirmed my hopes. It strengthened them into A COMFORTABLE ASSURANCE THAT IN THE DEATH OF INFANTS, IT IS WELL WITH THEM, AND WELL WITH THEIR PARENTS — that God's purposes are

merciful to both—and that while he glorifies himself in the exaltation of the children to heaven, he would also secure by such afflictions the sanctification and the salvation of their parents.—REV. DR. SMYTH'S *Solace for Bereaved Parents*.

BEREAVEMENT.

NAY, weep not, dearest, though the child be dead,
He lives again in heaven's unclouded life,
With other angels that have early fled
From these dark scenes of sorrow, sin, and strife
Nay, weep not, dearest, though thy yearning love
Would fondly keep for earth its fairest flowers,
And e'en deny to brighter realms above
The few that deck this dreary world of ours :
Though much it seems a wonder and a woe
That one so loved should be so early lost,
And hallowed tears may unforbidden flow
To mourn the blossom that we cherished most :
Yet all is well ; God's good design I see,
That where our treasure is, our hearts may be !

J. G. SAXE.

WE ARE SEVEN.

——— A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?”
“How many?—Seven in all,” she said,
And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you, tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
“ If they two are in heaven ? ”
Quick was the little maid’s reply,
“ O, master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
Their spirits are in heaven ! ”
’Twas throwing words away : for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

WORDSWORTH.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

So fades the lovely, blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh :
Thy comforts are not made to die.

See gentle patience smile on pain,
Till dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

STEELE.

THE CRUSHED BUD.

ONE little bud adorned my bower,
And shed sweet fragrance round ;
It grew in beauty, hour by hour,
Till, ah ! the spoiler came in power,
And crushed it to the ground.

Yet not forever in the dust
That beauteous bud shall lie ;
No !—in the garden of the just,
Beneath God's glorious eye, we trust,
'Twill bloom again on high.

THE GATHERED BUD.

HAVE we not knelt beside his bed,
And watched our first-born blossom die?
Hoped, till the shade of hope had fled,
Then wept till feeling's fount was dry?
Was it not sweet in that dark hour,
To think, 'mid mutual tears and sighs,
Our bud had left its earthly bower,
And burst to bloom in Paradise?

ALARIO A. WATTS.

MIDNIGHT.

FAR off the clocks are striking,
'T is midnight's deepest shade,
The lamp but feebly glimmers,—
Thy little bed is made.

Around the house go mourning
The winds so drearily;
Within we sit in silence,
And listen, as for thee;

Dreaming that we shall hear thee
Knock softly at the door,
Aweary with thy wandering,
Glad to return once more.

Poor fools ! thus to dissemble !
The fond hope will not stay ;
We wake and feel too surely
Thy home is far away.

From the German of EICHENDORFF.

MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH ?

“ MOTHER, how still the baby lies !
I cannot hear his breath ;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

“ My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

“ They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now ;
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how ! ”

“ Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought ?

“ I told you that Almighty power
 Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
 Something would please you well.

“ Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
 An empty shell it lies ;
Now raise your wondering glance above,
 To where yon insect flies ! ”

“ O yes, mamma ! how very gay
 Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it lightly flies away
 Beyond my gentle hold.

“ O, mother, now I know full well,
 If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
 On golden wings to range,—

“ How beautiful will brother be,
 When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
 And live with heavenly things ! ”

CAROLINE GILLMAN.

LOVE.

GOD gives us love. Sometimes to love
He *lends* us ; but when love has grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

TENNYSON.

EVA.

DRY thy tears for holy Eva,
With the blessed angels leave her ;
Of the form so soft and fair
Give to earth the tender care.

In the better home of Eva
Let the shining ones receive her,
With the welcome voiced psalm,
Harp of gold and waving palm !

All is light and peace with Eva ;
There the darkness cometh never ;
Tears are wiped and fetters fall,
And the Lord is all in all.

Weep no more for happy Eva,
Wrong and sin no more shall grieve her,
Care and pain and weariness
Lost in love so measureless.

Gentle Eva, loving Eva,
Child confessor, true believer,
Listen at the Master's knee,
"Suffer such to come to me."

O for faith like thee, sweet Eva,
Lighting all the solemn river,
And the blessings of the poor
Wafting to the heavenly shore!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HEAVEN.

WHY, day by day, this painful questioning?
I know that it is well. I know that *there*
(*O where?*) thou hast protectors, guardians, friends,
If such be needed: angel companies
Move round thee: mighty spirits lead thy thoughts
To founts of knowledge which we never saw.
I know that thou art happy—fresh desire
Springing each day, and each day satisfied!
God's glorious works all open to thy view,
His blessed creatures thine, where pain nor death
Disturbs not nor divides. All this I know—
But oh, for one short sight of what I know!

ALFORD.

SEVEN YEARS IN HEAVEN.

HE has been there seven years! A week of years: Sabbaths all, and holy, happy days, have made up the years that glide away unmarked by change of scene or season, in that land where there is no night, no cold, but "sacred, high, eternal noon."

Year after year rolls slowly away on earth, and lengthens the long interval over which we look, to the time when he was with us here. We have grown old since we saw him. But the memory of our first buried babe is as fresh and green as the grass was on his little grave when last we watered it with tears.

He has not grown old. "They only who have lost a child in infancy are sure of a babe for ever." They do not grow old in heaven. They grow in knowledge and holiness and happiness. But there is no succession of time in eternity. When we think of one having been "seven years in heaven," we think of the time that has passed with us without him. He is conscious of no successive years in that world where there is no sun nor moon nor stars, but in the crown of Him who is the light of heaven.

Years belong to us; and they have been long and wearisome since he went to his Father's house on

high. He was the light of our house, a "well-spring of pleasure;" a joy and solace; bright, beautiful, blessing and blest; and when he died, our hearts died with him, or lived only to bleed on year after year, each passing one being marked by this memorial, this returning anniversary of our dear child's death. Our hearts do live: for they yearn after that buried boy with longing that no language can express; they bleed as if the wound was of yesterday; they ache when we think of him, (and when can we not think of him?) we mourn like Rachel, and the sorrow seems no lighter, no less, than it did seven years ago. I think it is a heavier sorrow, a sorer pain to bear. I have shed more tears for him this seventh year of grief, than in any former year of the seven. He would have been ten years old had he lived with us until now! He might have been as good in his youth, as he was lovely in his infancy; and then what a glorious being he would have been, now standing by my side as I write these words in sadness to his memory, or sitting here and reading of heaven, and talking to me of the world above the skies.

What a glorious being, did I say, he would have been? Rather let me say, what a glorious being is he now! Seven years there have been more and better than seventy times seven thousand years on earth. I know it. God help me to admit that it is better far for him, for me, for all, that he should

have spent them there than here. For what attainments must that soul have made, that for these seven years past has been pursuing the career of heavenly study—the mysteries of celestial learning and celestial love ! I do not know whether he prefers to be with seraphs or cherubim : the former are said to love and the latter to know the more. I think that he wanders with both, and finds congenial spirits in John and Paul. He has been seven years with them, and with the Saviour who took him to his arms from ours. Now he must be far advanced in knowledge and in holiness. With such companions, such instructors, how wise and good he must be ! If he should come back to us, he could find no company with whom he would be at home. Within the last year, one whom he revered and loved, his aged grandsire, has gone to heaven. The child has welcomed him there : taken him by the hand, and led him to fountains of living waters, and charmed his ear with heavenly melodies, and become his teacher in the things of the kingdom. It must be brighter and sweeter now for both, that they can sit together in heavenly places, and speak of the wonders of earth and heaven, as they now appear to their opened eyes. Sixty years were between them when they were here together : there the child had seven years the start of his grandsire, and leads him upwards to the sources of Infinite wisdom and love. I should be glad to see them

there. I should have been glad to see them when they met in the streets of the New Jerusalem! to have heard the cry of joy from the child, as he flew into the patriarch's bosom, and hung on his breast, and kissed his brow with glory crowned.

Well, we shall all be there soon. Thank God for that! A few more days of darkness and the morning cometh, the morning of eternal day.

" Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

This shall be the last time that we will keep the anniversary of our child's release from earth with mourning. Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory over death, not our own death only, for that is one of the least of trials, but over the death of those we love ; causing us to triumph in tribulation, so that we can say, " The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

REV. SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME.

THE MOURNING MOTHER.

O ! who shall tell what fearful pangs
That mother's heart are rending,
As o'er her infant's little grave
Her wasted form is bending

From many an eye that weeps to-day,
Delight may beam to-morrow ;
But she—her precious babe is not ;
And what remains but sorrow ?

Bereaved one ! I may not chide
Thy tears and bitter sobbing,—
Weep on ! 't will cool that burning brow,
And still that bosom's throbbing :
But be not thine such grief as theirs,
To whom no hope is given,—
Snatched from the world, its sins and snares,
Thy infant rests in heaven.

BISHOP DOANE.

ON THE DEATH OF A SON.

I NEVER trusted to have lived
To bid farewell to thee,
And almost said, in agony,
It ought not so to be ;
I hoped that thou within the grave
My weary head shouldst lay,
And live, beloved, when I was gone,
For many a happy day.

With trembling hand I vainly tried
Thy dying eyes to close ;
And almost envied, in that hour,
Thy calm and deep repose ;
For I was left in loneliness,
With pain and grief oppressed,
And thou wast with the sainted, where
The weary are at rest.

Yes, I am sad and weary now ;
But let me not repine,
Because a spirit, loved so well,
Is earlier blessed than mine ;
My faith may darken as it will,
I shall not much deplore,
Since thou art where the ills of life
Can never reach thee more.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

THE LILY.

SOME a similitude to childhood see
In vines which cling to a deep-rooted tree ;
One in the rose-bud infancy perceives,
The bloom of beauty ushered from its leaves.
The vine a serpent's covert may enclose,
And thorns, deep piercing, lie beneath the rose.

She was the lily, type of purity,
Swept by death's tide to glory's waveless sea,
And then, replanted by an angel hand,
Bloomed in the gardens of the upper land.

JOHN J. MORRIS.

THE INFANT HOST IN HEAVEN.

IN view of the character of God, the priesthood of Jesus Christ, and the slight intimations of holy writ, we may rest in a comfortable assurance that all departed infants are made spiritually and for ever alive; that "As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive." "There is hope in their end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their own border." "Moreover, your little ones, which ye said should be a prey, and your children, which in that day had no knowledge between good and evil, they shall go in thither, and unto them will I give it, and they shall possess it."

Our thoughts mount at once, delightfully and gratefully, to our Father's house, where are many mansions; and we understand better why in that blissful abode there is such an exceeding great multitude, which no man can number. "For of such—of such more numerously than all others—is the kingdom of God." "These were redeemed from

among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb." It is estimated that, of all born into this world, one half leave it in infancy. If such be the case, then, according to a computation which makes the whole race thus far to number twenty-eight thousand millions, there would be at this moment fourteen thousand millions in heaven who were infants when they went there. Whatever may be thought of the probable correctness of this estimate, the field thus opened for joyful contemplation is immense, and as enrapturing as immense. How many times must we multiply the present population of our globe to make it equal the host which has already gone to the regions of bliss ! How many more will at last be found to be saved than lost ! How will the glory of God shine in the recovery by the second Adam, so much more ample than the ruin by the first ! How is Satan baffled in his most malicious plans, and our Redeemer divinely victorious !

* * * * *

Alas, for Herod ! not for the martyrs of Bethlehem ; alas, for the persecuting pontiffs and monarchs ! not for their infant victims ; alas, for the mother on the banks of the Ganges ! not for her offspring afloat on its waters ;—alas, for them, that they did not themselves perish in earliest infancy ! “ Is it well with the child ? It is well.” “ I shall go to him ;” and I shall there find him a cherub, his voice joining clear and sweet in the choir of heaven ;

all his earthly beauty, all his infant loveliness,
ripened into the perfected excellence of heaven.

“ Look upward, and your child you ’ll see,
Fixed in his blest abode ;
Who would not, therefore, childless be,
To give a child to God ? ”

REV. A. C. THOMPSON.

THE STONE ROLLED FROM THE TOMB.

As vernal flowers that scent the morn,
But wither in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant’s dawn,
Thus swiftly fled his life away.

He died before his infant soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires—
Had ever spurned at Heaven’s control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

He died to sin ; he died to care ;
But for a moment felt the rod ;
Then, rising on the viewless air,
Spread his light wings, and soared to God.

This blessed theme now cheers my voice ;
The grave is not the loved one’s prison ;
The “ stone ” that covered half my joys
Is “ rolled away,” and, lo ! “ he’s risen.”

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.*

I KNOW no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please Him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all He gives, and contented with all He takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider Him as our Maker, we cannot contend with Him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust Him; so that we may be confident, whatever He does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other

* Addressed to the Countess of Essex, after the death of her only daughter.

things of its kind, or else with the evil there is mingled in its composition ; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad ; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what He has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with Him in your complaints for what He has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge ; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

* * * * *

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to

everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest : is this his fault or yours ? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world ? Is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank Him for nothing He has left, and care not what He takes away ? Is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem ? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide : but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest ; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say, “ My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.” Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do ? Or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied ?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions ; to temper our affections towards all things below ; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever *He* who gave

shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before, as now your extreme affliction is ; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes ; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker ; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes. * * * *

When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem ; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship, to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old ; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time, and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth : so that the most excellent and

agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself ; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it ; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down ; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply as they could. But alas ! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs ; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away, to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain ; whereas nature does nothing in vain ; as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs ; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

GOD GRACIOUS IN HIS JUDGMENTS.

BUT for myself, I bless God I have observed and felt so much mercy in this angry dispensation of God, that I am almost transported ; I am sure highly pleased with thinking how infinitely sweet his *mercies* are, when his *judgments* are so gracious.

—JEREMY TAYLOR *on the loss of two children.*

THE TWINS.

'T WAS summer, and a Sabbath eve,
And balmy was the air ;
I saw a sight that made me grieve,
And yet that sight was fair :
Within a little coffin lay
Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls which children dress,
The little bodies were ;
A look of placid happiness
Did in each face appear :
And in the coffin, short and wide,
They lay together, side by side.

Their mother, as a lily pale,
Sat by them on their bed ;
And bending o'er them told her tale,
And many a tear she shed ;
Yet oft she cried amidst her pain,
" My babes and I shall meet again."

THE BITTER CUP DECLINED.

THE cup of life just to her lips she prest,
Found the taste bitter, and declined the rest :
Averse, then turning from the face of day,
She softly sighed her infant soul away.

I SEE THEE STILL.

I SEE thee still ;
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust :
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou 'rt with me through the gloomy night ;
In dreams I meet thee as of old ;
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,

And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still
In every hallowed token round ;
This little ring thy finger bound,
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet Sister, thou didst cull for me ;
This book was thine ; here didst thou read ;
This picture—ah ! yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Here was thy favourite fireside seat ;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay ;
Here, on this bed, thou last didst lie ;
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die.
Dark hour ! once more its woes unfold ;
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still ;
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal Mind ;

Let Earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But Goodness dies not in the dust ;
Thee, O my Sister ! 't is not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see !
Thou to a fairer land art gone ;
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still !

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

TO A MOTHER ON LOSING AN INFANT
DAUGHTER.

God does nothing without a reason. That reason may have respect to you—it may have respect to your child, and not unlikely to both. He sees effects in their causes. Your case may have been this: you may have been in danger of loving the world too much, and He removed the cause in time. Her case may have been this: she may have been in danger from the growth of a corrupt nature, and He took her in the bud of being that she might grow without imperfection, “for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Think of your child, then, not as dead but as living, not as a flower that is withered, but as one that is transplanted, and, touched by a divine hand, is blooming in richer colours and sweeter shades than those of earth, though to your eyes these

last may have been beautiful, more beautiful than
you will hope to see again.

“ With patient mind thy course of duty run,
God nothing does nor suffers to be done
But thou wouldst do thyself if thou could'st see
The end of all He does as well as He.”

REV. H. HOOKER.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son,
A boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness,
And mind of gentle mould ;

They tell me that unusual grace
In all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart
Beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be,—
I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness
Is his sweet and serious air :

I know his heart is kind and fond,
I know he loveth me,

But loveth yet his mother more
With grateful fervency.

But that which others most admire
Is the thought which fills his mind ;
The food for grave inquiring speech
He everywhere doth find :

Strange questions doth he ask of me,
When we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think,
Or talks as children talk ;

Nor cares he much for childish sports,
Dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works,
And aptly mimics all.

His little heart is busy still,
And oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours,
And thoughts about the next ;

He kneels at his dear mother's knee,
She teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then
Are the words which he will say.

Oh, should my gentle child be spared
To manhood's years like me,

A holier and a wiser man
I trust that he will be :

And when I look into his eyes,
And stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel,
Were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son,
A simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair
His little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his
When he prattles on my knee.

I do not think his light-blue eye
Is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought
As his hath ever been ;

But his little heart's a fountain pure
Of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light,
Rich depths of love revealing.

When he walks with me, the country folk,
Who pass us in the street,
Will shout with joy, and bless my boy,
He looks so mild and sweet.

A playfellow is he to all,
And yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love,
When left to sport alone.

His presence is like sunshine sent
To gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs,
And sweeten all our mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years,
God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace
As now for earthly love.

And if, beside his grave, the tears
Our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love
Which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son ;
His age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months
Where he is gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months,
His infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth,
And went to live in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his,
What looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul,
The bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things
Which God will not reveal.

But I know (for God hath told me this)
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be,
On their Saviour's loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more
Th' weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams
Of joy for ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close
Beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes
Of Heaven's divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe,
(His mother dear and I,)
When God for aye shall wipe away
All tears from every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain,
 His bliss can never cease ;
Their lot may here be grief and fear,
 But *his* is certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wiles
 Their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not,
 He must be ours for ever. .

When we think of what our darling is,
 And what we still must be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss,
 And *this* world's misery,—

When we groan beneath this load of sin,
 And feel this grief and pain,—
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two,
 Than have him here again.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

THE YOUNGEST.

I ROCKED her in the cradle,
And laid her in the tomb. She was the youngest.
What fireside circle hath not felt the charm
Of that sweet tie ? The youngest ne'er grow old ;
The fond endearments of our earlier days
We keep alive in them ; and when they die,
Our youthful joys we bury with them.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

ALL in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suck'd the green warmth of the sod ;
O, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled ;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom
Our bud of beauty grew ;
It fed on smiles for sunshine ;
On tears for daintier dew :
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled,
So close and close, about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she fill'd—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build !
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But, evermore the halo
Of angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,
Our darling bud upcurled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our rose was but in blossom ;
Our life was but in spring ;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the spirits sing—
“ Another bud of infancy
With holy dew's impearled ! ”
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large ;
Her little light such shadow fling
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE HAPPY BAND.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing, Glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white,
See every one arrayed ;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, Glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above ?
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love ;
How came those children there ?
Singing, Glory, glory.

Because the Saviour shed his blood,
To wash away their sin ;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing, Glory, glory.

COMFORT.

“BOATMAN, boatman ! my brain is wild,
As wild as the rainy seas ;
My poor little child, my sweet little child,
Is a corpse upon my knees.

“No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer,
No tire-woman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair.”

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
“Not without Him who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died !

“His grace the same, and the same His power,
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

“On the land and the water, all in all,
The strength to be still, or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May.”

ALICE CAREY.

LEAVE THE RESULT WITH GOD.

SUPPOSE, now, there should be a mother, always uneasy and solicitous about her child, when it was in health, or sitting over it when in sickness, restless and anxious, trying this remedy and that, without reason and without hope, just because she cannot give him up :—suppose, I say, that God should come to the bedside, and say to her, “ Anxious mother,—I was taking care of your child, but since you are so restless and uneasy about it, I will give the case up to you if you will take it. There is a great question to be decided ; shall that child recover, or die ? I was going to decide it in the best way for yourself and him. But since you cannot trust me, you may decide it yourself. Look upon him, then, as he lies there suffering, and then look forward as far as you can into futurity ; see as much as you can of his life here, if you allow him to live ; and look forward to eternity,—to *his* eternity and yours. Get all the light you can, and then tell me whether you are really ready to take the responsibility of deciding the question, whether he shall live or die. Since you are not willing to allow me to decide it, I will leave you to decide it yourself.”

What would be the feelings of a mother, if God should thus withdraw from the sick bed of her child,

and leave the responsibility of the case in her hands alone! Who would dare to exercise the power, if the power were given, or say to a dying child, "you shall live, and on me shall be the responsibility"? Then let us all leave to God to decide. Let us be wise, and prudent, and faithful in all our duties, but never, for a moment, indulge in an anxious thought;—it is rebellion. Let us rather throw ourselves on God. Let us say to Him, that we do not know what is best, either for us, or our children, and ask Him to do with us *just as He pleases*. Then we shall be at peace at all times,—when disease makes its first attack,—when the critical hours approach, by which the question of life or death is to be decided, and even when the last night of the little patient's sufferings has come, and we see the vital powers gradually sinking, in their fearful struggle with death.

JACOB ABBOTT.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
THERE is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead :
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapours ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

YES, AS A CHILD.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

LONGFELLOW.

O, SAY not so ! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair ?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there ?
On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,
I see the features of my angel-child ;
She passed away, ere sin her soul had tainted—
Passed to the undefiled.

O, say not so ! for I would clasp her, even
As when below she lay upon my breast :
And dream of her as my fair bud in Heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.
My little one was like a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave ;
But night came down, a starless night, and chilly ;
Alas ! we could not save !

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,
(O, Heaven were dark, were children wanting there !)
I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it ;
A dimpled baby fair.

Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed
daughter

My heart yearns oftentimes with a mother's love,
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,—

Enfold my child above.

E'en as a *babe*, my little blue-eyed daughter,

Nestle and coo upon my heart again ;

Wait for thy mother by the river-water,—

It shall not be in vain !

Wait as a child,—how shall I know my darling,

If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair ?

If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,

How shall I know her there ?

FANNY FALES.

TAKEN FROM THE EVIL TO COME.

God took thee in his mercy,

A lamb untasked, untried ;

He fought the fight for thee,

He won the victory,

And thou art sanctified.

I look around and see

The evil ways of men,

And oh ! beloved child,
I'm more than reconcil'd
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent life that pressed,
Would they have been as pure,
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast ?

Now like a dew-drop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove !
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at Heaven's gate
To meet and welcome me.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

SMOOTHE the hair and close the eyelids,
Let the window curtains fall ;
With a smile upon her features,
She has answered to the call.

Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon her bed ;
God hath called her to his bosom,
And the little one is dead.

AN EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

BENEATH this stone, in soft repose,
Is laid a mother's dearest pride,
A flower that scarce had waked to life,
And light and beauty, ere it died.
God, in his wisdom, has recalled
The precious boon his love had given,
And though the casket moulders here,
The gem is sparkling now in heaven.

A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

A CLERGYMAN lost a child. A brother minister attended the funeral, and at the close of his remarks, the father of the deceased child arose, and spoke as follows to his people who were present :—" When I have sought to minister to you consolation in the times of your affliction, weeping with you over your dying children, you have often said to me that I knew nothing of the anguish, and could not sympathise with you in your loss. I feel it now. I never did before." Then he directed them to the source

of his comfort and support, and invited all to the fountain of living waters. His house stood on a hill-side, overlooking a beautiful river, on the other side of which were luxurious fields. Alluding to this, he continued, "Often, as I have stood on the borders of this stream, and looked over to the fair fields on the other shore, I have felt but little interest in the people or the place in full view before me. The river separates me from them, and my thoughts and affections were here. But a few months ago, one of my children moved across to the other side, and took up his residence there. Since that time, my heart has been there also. In the morning, when I rise and look out toward the east, I think of my child who is over there, and again and again through the day I think of him, and the other side of the river is always in my thoughts, with the child who has gone there to dwell. And now, since another of my children has crossed the river of death, and has gone to dwell on the other side, my heart is drawn out towards heaven, and the inhabitants of heaven, as it was never drawn before. I supposed that heaven was dear to me; that my Father was there, and my friends were there, and that I had a great interest in heaven, but *I had no child there*; now I have; and I never think and never shall think of heaven, but with the memory of that dear child who is to be among its inhabitants for ever."

WHY CHILDREN DIE.

I HAVE seen persons who gather from the *parterre* their choicest flowers, just as they begin to open into full bloom and fragrance, lest some passer-by should tear them from the bush and destroy them. Does not God sometimes gather into heaven young and innocent children for the same reason—lest some rude hand may despoil them of their beauty?

THE DYING CHILD.

MOTHER, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping ;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek ;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold ; the tempest raveth madly ;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright ;
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut the light.

Mother, one steals beside me now ! and listen ;
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord ?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten !
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord !

Green, gold, and red are floating all around me ;
These are the flowers the angel scattereth :
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me ?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death ?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going ?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine ?
Thy cheek is hot, and still thy tears are flowing ;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine !
Do not sigh thus, it marreth my reposing ;
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee !
Oh, I am tired,—my weary eyes are closing ;
Look, mother, look ! the angel kisseth me !

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

THE PLAYTHINGS.

Oh ! mother, here's the very top
That brother used to spin,—
The vase with seeds I've seen him drop
To call our robin in,—
The line that held his pretty kite,
His bow, his cup and ball,—
The slate on which he learned to write,
His feather, cap, and all !

My dear, I'd put the things away,
Just where they were before :

Go, Anna, take him out to play ;
And shut the closet door.
Sweet innocent ! he little thinks
The slightest thought expressed,
Of him that's lost, how deep it sinks
Within a mother's breast.

H. F. GOULD.

THE THREE LITTLE GRAVES.

I SOUGHT at twilight's pensive hour
The path which mourners tread,
Where many a marble stone reveals
The city of the dead ;—
The city of the dead, where all
From feverish toil repose,
While round their beds the simple flower
In sweet profusion blows.

And there I marked a pleasant spot
Enclosed with tender care,
Where side by side three infants lay,
The only tenants there ;
Nor weed nor bramble raised its head
To mar the hallowed scene,
And 't was a mother's tears, methought,
Which kept that turf so green.

The eldest was a gentle girl,
She sunk as rose-buds fall,
And then two little brothers came,
They were their parents' all,—
Their parents' all!—and ah, how oft
The moan of sickness rose,
Before, within these narrow mounds,
They found a long repose.

Their cradle-sports beside the hearth,
At winter's eve are o'er;
Their tuneful tones, so full of mirth,
Delight the ear no more:—
Yet still the thrilling echo lives,
And many a lisping word
Is treasured in affection's heart,
By grieving memory stirred.

Three little graves!—Three little graves!
Come hither ye who see
Your blooming babes around you smile,
A blissful company,—
And of those childless parents think,
With sympathising pain,
And soothe them with a Saviour's words,
“Your dead shall rise again.”

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

OUR LAMBS.

THE tender Shepherd beckoningly
Our Lambs doth hold,
That we may take our own when He
Makes up the fold.

GERALD MASSEY.

THE SERAPH CHILD.

MY son, thou wast my heart's delight,
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery ;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son !
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping ;
But ah ! thy little day is done,
Thou'rt with my angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken, ere those years come o'er me :
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rearest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest ;
Thou art my ancestor, my son !
And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine ;
Thou hast thy predecessor past ;
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear ;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss !
And oh ! to thy world welcome me,
As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear angel, thou art safe in Heaven ;
No prayer for thee need more be made ;
Oh ! let thy prayer for those be given
Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

My father ! I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care ;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son ! my father ! guide me there.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EPITAPH.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

COLERIDGE.

OUR BABY.

TO-DAY we cut the fragrant sod,
With trembling hands, asunder,
And lay this well beloved of God,
Our dear dead baby, under.
Oh, hearts that ache, and ache afresh !
Oh, tears too blindly raining !
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining !

Sleep, darling, sleep ! Cold rains shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling ;
Thou wilt not know—so far below—
What winds or storms are swelling ;
And birds shall sing, in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee :
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh,
The loneliness without thee !

Father, we *will* be comforted !
Thou wast the gracious giver :
We yield her up—not dead, not dead—
To dwell with Thee for ever !
Take Thou our child ! *Ours* for a *day*,
Thine, while the ages blossom !
This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom !

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.

DEATH never came so nigh to me before,
Nor showed me his mild face : oft had I mused,
Of calm and peace and deep forgetfulness,
Of folded hands, closed eyes, and heart at rest,
And slumber sound beneath a flowery turf,
Of faults forgotten, and an inner place
Kept sacred for us in the heart of friends ;
But these were idle fancies, satisfied
With the mere husk of this great mystery,
And dwelling in the outward shows of things.
Heaven is not mounted to on wings of dreams,
Nor doth the unthankful happiness of youth
Aim thitherward, but floats from bloom to bloom,
With earth's warm patch of sunshine well content :
'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,

Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed.

True is it that Death's face seems stern and cold,
When he is sent to summon those we love,
But all God's angels come to us disguised ;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.
With every anguish of our earthly part
The spirit's sight grows clearer ; this was meant
When Jesus touched the blind man's lids with clay.
Life is the jailer, Death the angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate of Rest,—
Only the fallen spirit knocks at that,—
But to benigner regions beckons us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.
In the hushed chamber, sitting by the dead,
It grates on us to hear the flood of life
Whirl rustling onward, senseless of our loss.
The bee hums on ; around the blossomed vine
Whirrs the light humming-bird ; the cricket chirps ;
The locust's shrill alarum stings the ear ;
Hard by, the cock shouts lustily ; from farm to
farm,
His cheery brothers, telling of the sun,

Answer, till far away the joyance dies.
We never knew before how God had filled
The summer air with happy, living sounds ;
All round us seems an overplus of life ;
And yet the one dear heart lies cold and still.
It is most strange, when the great miracle
Hath for our sakes been done, when we have had
Our inwardest experience of God,
When with his presence still the room expands,
And is awed after him, that naught is changed,
That Nature's face looks unacknowledging,
And the mad world still dances heedless on
After its butterflies, and gives no sign.
'Tis hard at first to see it all aright ;
In vain Faith blows her trump to summon back
Her scattered troop ; yet, through the clouded glass
Of our own bitter tears, we learn to look
Undazzled on the kindness of God's face ;
Earth is too dark, and Heaven alone shines through.

It is no little thing, when a fresh soul
And a fresh heart, with their unmeasured scope
For good, not gravitating earthward yet
But circling in diviner periods,
Are sent into the world,—no little thing,
When this unbounded possibility
Into the outer silence is withdrawn.
Ah, in this world, where every guiding thread
Ends suddenly in the one sure centre, death,

The visionary hand of Might-have-been
Alone can fill Desire's cup to the brim !
How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy
child's !

He bends over *thy* cradle now, or holds
His warning finger out to be thy guide ;
Thou art the nursling now ; he watches thee,
Slow learning, one by one, the secret things
Which are to him used sights of every day ;
He smiles to see thy wondering glances con
The grass and pebbles of the spirit-world,
To thee miraculous ; and he will teach
Thy knees their due observances of prayer.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to teach of love, and hope, and peace ;
Nor hath thy babe his mission left undone.
To me, at least, his going hence hath given
Serenest thoughts and nearer to the skies,
And opened a new fountain in my heart
For thee, my friends, and all : and O, if Death
More near approaches, meditates, and clasps
Even now some dearer, more reluctant hand,
God, strengthen Thou my faith, that I may see
That 'tis Thine angel, who, with loving haste,
Unto the service of the inner shrine
Doth waken Thy beloved with a kiss !

J. R. LOWELL.

TO A CHRISTIAN FATHER.

AGAIN in the furnace, my brother! Again lamenting under the chastenings of God! My heart bleeds with yours, I pour out my tears and supplications that this new and sore visiting may be blessed, and may afterwards yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It shall be so. It is so, in some measure, already. Whatever brings us to the feet of our Redeemer, does us good. He is the Physician, and he knows best how to make up the prescription, and how to administer it. He has taken away your boy, but not Himself, nor his loving kindnesses. He has shown you the rod, but not the evil it has avoided. He has made you to smart under the stroke, but it is, probably, a substitute for some blow unspeakably more awful, and perhaps nigh at hand when He smote you, but now turned aside for ever. We must live by *faith*, my brother. Our comforts must not be our gods. Our souls have neither purity, nor peace, nor establishment, nor victory, but in proportion as our fellowship is with the Lord our life, and our life-giving Head. Oh for that habitual nearness to Him which shall keep us in constant and gracious dependence upon his word of truth, which He has promised never to take utterly from us! The further the creature

removes from us, the more desirable and consoling is our walking with Him who, when we are overwhelmed, knows our path.

REV. J. M. MASON, D.D.

TO A CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

HAVE you lost two lovely children? Did you make them your idols? If you did, God has saved you from idolatry. If you did not, you have your God still, and a creature cannot be miserable who has a God. The little words "My God," have infinitely more sweetness than "my sons" or "my daughters." Were they very desirable blessings? Your God calls you to the nobler sacrifice. Can you give up these to Him at his call? So was Isaac, when Abraham was required to part with him at God's altar. Are you not a daughter of Abraham? Then imitate his faith, his self-denial, his obedience, and make your evidences of such a spiritual relation to him shine brighter on this solemn occasion. Has God taken them from your arms? And had you not given them to God before? Are you displeased that God calls for his own? Was not your heart sincere in the resignation of them? Show then, madam, the sincerity of your heart in leaving them in the hand of God. Do you

say, they are lost? Not out of God's sight, and God's world, though they are gone out of your sight and our world. "All live to God." You may hope the spreading covenant of grace has sheltered them from the second death. They live, though not with you.

Are you ready to complain, you have brought forth for the grave? It may be so, but not in vain. Is. lxxv. 23.—"They shall not labour in vain, nor bring forth for trouble (*i. e.* for sorrow without hope); for they are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." This has been a sweet text to many a mother, when their children are called away betimes.

DR. WATTS.

REMEMBRANCE OF THE DEAD.

WE are forbidden to murmur, but we are not forbidden to *regret*; and whom we loved tenderly while living, we may still pursue with an affectionate remembrance without having any occasion to charge ourselves with rebellion against the sovereignty that appointed a separation.

NOT IN VAIN.

OH, not in vain thy life ! Thou hast not sown,
Yet the rich harvest reapest as thy own ;
Thou hast not fought, but thou hast won the prize,
Hast never borne the cross, yet gained the skies.

THE LOST LAMB.

Lost lamb ! there is a starry fold
Where innocence is safe for ever :
There chilling frosts and wintry cold
Find entrance never.

Far from this sphere of doubt and gloom
The folding arms of love are round thee ;
With flowers of everlasting bloom
Have angels crowned thee.

Sweet, perished bud of promise rare !
Through cloud-rifts in the gloom impending,
Streams light to comfort our despair,
The darkness rending.

Safe from the troubles that molest
Earth's pilgrim toward the sunset hieing,
On the good Shepherd's tender breast
Our lamb is lying.

If earnest prayer could bring him back,
I would not plead for his returning,
Where dimly, in the midnight black,
Hope's star is burning—

Where Sorrow, with a trembling hand,
The death-dimmed eye of Beauty closes,
And Love goes mourning, through the land,
For her lost roses.

W. H. C. HOSMER.

THE FIRST-BORN.

WE laid thee down in sinless rest, and from thine
infant brow
Culled one soft lock of radiant hair—our only
solace now,—
Then placed around thy beauteous corse, flowers,
not more fair and sweet;
Twin rosebuds in thy little hands, and jasmine at
thy feet.

Though other offspring still be ours, as fair per-
chance as thou,
With all the beauty of thy cheek—the sunshine of
thy brow,
They never can replace the bud our early fondness
nurst,
They may be lovely and beloved, but not like thee
—the first!

The first ! How many a memory bright that one
sweet word can bring
Of hopes that blossomed, drooped, and died, in life's
delightful spring ;
Of fervid feelings passed away—those early seeds
of bliss,
That germinate in hearts unseared by such a world
as this !

My sweet one, oh ! my sweet one, my fairest, and
my first !
When I think of what thou might'st have been, my
heart is like to burst ;
But gleams of gladness through the gloom their
soothing radiance dart,
And my sighs are hushed, my tears are dried,
when I turn to what thou art !

Pure as the snow-flake ere it falls and takes the
stain of earth,
With not a taint of mortal life, except the mortal
birth,—
God bade thee early taste the spring for which so
many thirst ;
And bliss—eternal bliss—is thine, my fairest, and
my first !

ALABIC A. WATTS.

THINK THAT YOUR BABE IS THERE.

YE who mourn,
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to His arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love? Can ye not hope,
When a few wasting years their course have run,
To go to him, though he no more on earth,
Returns to you?

And when glad faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangels' praises, with the high response
Of cherubim and seraphim, O think—
Your babe is there!

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"I SHALL GO TO HIM, BUT HE SHALL NOT
RETURN TO ME."

WHILE sickness rent thine infant frame,
Before our God we wept and prayed;
But when His heavenly summons came,
Fond nature struggled and obeyed.

We laid thee in thy early rest,
And changed the burden of our prayer :
May He, who took thee to the blest,
But make thee our forerunner there !

THE ONLY CHILD.

PRETTY boy !
He was my only child ; how fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him !
'T was like a marble slumber, and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed
I thought my heart was breaking ; ye I lived,
But I am weary now.

BARRY CORNWALL.

SOWING IN TEARS.

STRAIGHT and still the baby lies,
No more smiling in his eyes,
Neither tears nor wailing cries.

Smiles and tears alike are done :
He has need of neither one—
Only I must weep alone.

Tiny fingers, all too slight,
Hold within their grasping tight
Waxen berries scarce more white.

Nights and days of weary pain,
I have held them close—in vain ;
Now I never shall again.

Crossed upon a silent breast,
By no suffering distressed,
Here they lie in marble rest.

They shall ne'er unfolded be,
Never more in agony
Cling so pleadingly to me.

Never ! O, the hopeless sound
To my heart, so closely wound
All his little being round !

I forget the shining crown,
Glad exchange for cross laid down,
Now his baby brows upon.

Yearning sore, I only know
I am very full of woe—
And I want my dear one so !

Selfish heart, that thou shouldst prove
So unworthy of the love
Which thine idol doth remove !

Blinded eyes, that cannot see,
Past the present misery,
Joy and comfort full and free !

O ! my Father, loving Lord !
I am shamed at my own word ;
Strength and patience me afford.

I will yield me to Thy will ;
Now Thy purposes fulfil ;
Only help me to be still.

Though my mother-heart shall ache,
I believe that, for Thy sake,
It shall not entirely break.

And I know I yet shall own,
For my seeds of sorrow sown,
Sheaves of joy around Thy throne !

.TWO IN HEAVEN.

“ You have two children,” said I.

“ I have four,” was the reply—“ two on earth,
two in heaven.”

There spoke the mother ! Still hers, only gone
before ! Still remembered, loved and cherished, by

the hearth and at the board—their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

“Two in Heaven!”

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor drooping head, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By green pastures, tended by the good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

“Two in Heaven!”

Earth less attractive. Eternity nearer. Invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. “Still small voices” ever whisper “Come!” to the world-weary spirit.

“Two in Heaven!”

Mother of angels! Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth’s taint; so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears are streaming fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she thinks of all the past;

Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Filled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
O! those happy, happy moments!
They but deepen her despair,
For she bends above the cradle,
And her baby is not there!

There are words of comfort spoken,
And the leaden clouds of grief
Wear the smiling bow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her wavering thoughts will wander
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
Or a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in tones of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And forgets all earthly woe;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the voice that hushed the sea
Stills her spirit with the whisper,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

And while her soul is lifted
On the soaring wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing inward,
And she sees her baby there !

ROBERT S. CHILTON.

THE LAST SMILE.

O, WHY smiled the babe in its dying hour,
When its earth-weary days were done ?
It had faded away like a blighted flower,
In the rays of the summer's sun ;
Love-full was the look of the innocent child,
So peaceful, so trusting, so sweetly it smiled.

O, why did it smile ? Had angels down-come
From the far-off sunny hued land,
To bear its pure spirit away to its home,
To join a bright seraphim band ?
Ah, yes, and they whispered of love and of peace,
Of joys and of pleasures that never will cease.

D. HARDY, JR.

LITTLE GRAVES.

THERE'S many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom,
Whose joy and light are fled ;
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie—
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

SAFE FOR EVERMORE.

OUR beauteous child we laid amidst the silence of
the dead,
We heaped the earth and spread the turf above the
cherub head ;
We turned again to sunny life, to other ties as
dear,
And the world has thought us comforted, when we
have dried the tear.

O, we have one, and only one, secure in sacred
trust,
It is the lone and lovely one that's sleeping in the
dust ;
We fold it in our arms again, we see it by our side,
In the helplessness of innocence which sin has never
tried.

All earthly trust, all mortal years, however light
they fly,
But darken on the glowing cheek, and dim the
eagle eye;
But there, our bright, unwithering flower—our
spirit's hoarded store—
We keep through every chance and change, the
same for evermore.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

IN some rude spot, where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gard'ner moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening such !
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good, perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heav'n saw, and early marked thee for its own !

R. B. SHERIDAN.

MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS DYING DAUGHTER.

LUTHER was called to part with Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the

father, with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, "Dearly do I love her ! but, O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur."

He then approached the bed, and said to her, "My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with your earthly father ; but, if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your Heavenly Father."

She replied, "Yes, dear father ; it is as God pleases."

"Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "O, how I love her ! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

He then took the Bible and read to her the passage in Isaiah:—"Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

The night preceding her death, Catharine,* worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick-bed and slept. When she awoke, she appeared much agitated ; and, as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream.

* The child's mother.

"I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Magdalen, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her; but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony."

Melanchthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife, "These were holy angels, that Catharine saw in her dream; and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal in the celestial kingdom."

When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. "I go," said she, "to my Father in heaven," and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them;—in a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catharine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last, long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, "The will of God be done!—yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven." Philip Melanchthon, who, with his wife, was present, said, "Parental love is an image of the Divine love impressed on the hearts of men; God does not love the beings he has created less than parents love their children."

When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, "Dear little Magdalen, I see

thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star ! I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realize that she is happy,—better taken care of,—and yet to be so sad.”

Then turning to the mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, “Dear Catharine, remember where she is gone,—ah, she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds without doubt ; it is natural that it should ; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young ;—children do not doubt,—they believe ; with them all is trust ; they fall asleep.”

When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathised with him in his affliction. “Be not sorrowful for me,” he replied ; “I have sent a saint to heaven. O may we all die such a death ! Gladly would I accept it now !”

When they began to chant, “Lord, remember not our ancient sins,” Luther said, “Not only our ancient, but our present sins.”

To his friend Justus Jonas he soon after wrote the following letter :—

“September 23, 1542.

“I doubt not thou hast heard of the birth of my little Magdalen into the kingdom of Christ. My wife and I ought only to think of rendering thanks for

her happy transition and peaceful end ;—for by it she has escaped the power of the flesh, the world, the Turks,* and the devil ;—yet nature is strong, and I cannot support this event without tears and groans, or, to speak more truly, without a broken heart. On my very soul are engraved the looks, the words, the gestures,—during her life, and on the bed of death,—of my obedient, my loving child ! Even the death of Christ (and what are all deaths in comparison with that ?) cannot turn away my thoughts from hers as it ought. She was, as thou knowest, lovely in her character, and full of tenderness.”

LUTHER'S *Christmas Tree*.

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
 Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
 O blest departed one !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Yes ! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
 To stain thy cherub soul and form ;
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
 That never felt a storm !

* At this time there was great apprehension from the war with the Turks.

The sun-beam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence :
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed with all thy loveliness !

Oh, hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair, as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief !
Now not a sullyng breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptured image there shall mourn ;
Ah ! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews, must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath ;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe ;

And oft upon the midnight air
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh ! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit ! visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes !
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine, as messenger of Heaven ?
MRS. HEMANS.

Not for the babe that sleepeth here
Thy tears bestow, thy sorrows give,—
Pass on, and weep with grief sincere
For those who innocence outlive.

THE LENT JEWELS.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent,
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts which dwelt upon the
wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And, with these words preventing, did begin :—

“ Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now ; for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave—rich, precious gems they were ;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day
To take those jewels, which he left, away.
What think you ? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring,—so henceforth to lack
Those gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine for ever, mine in fee ? ”

“ What question can be here ? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part :
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy so long.”

“ Good is the word,” she answered ; “ may we now
And ever more that it is good allow ! ”
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale ! and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.

R. C. TRENCH.

AN INFANT'S EPITAPH.

BENEATH this stone an infant lies,
To earth her body's lent :
More glorious she'll hereafter rise,
Though not more innocent,

When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
Millions will wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine,

O MOURN NOT, FOND MOTHER.

O MOURN not, fond mother, the joys that depart,
There is comfort and peace for the stricken in heart;
God has taken the spirit that basked in thy love,
“ The beautiful angels ” have borne it above.

The plan that thou rearedst to smile on earth's gloom
Has fastened its roots in the soil of the tomb ;
It smiled in thy garden, so bright and so fair,
It has climbed o'er the wall, and is blossoming there.

The gem that thou worest with pride on thy breast,
Adorns with its brightness the land of the blest ;
The rose still is fragrant, tho' broke from the stem,
The setting is ruined, but safe is the gem.

Then gird thee to labour, to trial and love,
The treasure once thine shall await thee above ;
Be faithful, be earnest, night soon will be riven,
And the lost ones of earth, be thy jewels in heaven.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

THE TENANTLESS BED,

My little one, my sweet one,
Thy couch is empty now,
Where oft I wiped the dews away
Which gathered on thy brow.
No more, amidst the sleepless night,
I smooth thy pillow fair ;
'T is smooth indeed, but rest no more
Thy small, pale features there.

My little one, my sweet one,
Thou canst not come to me,
But nearer draws the numbered hour
When I shall go to thee ;
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile,
And golden harp in hand,
May'st come the first to welcome me
To our Immanuel's land.

HE SLEPT.

THEY said he died ;—it seems to me
That after hours of pain and strife
He slept, one even, peacefully,
And woke to everlasting life.

TO AN INFANT IN HEAVEN.

THOU bright and star-like spirit !
That, in my visions wild,
I see mid heaven's seraphic host—
O ! canst thou be my child ?

My grief is quenched in wonder,
And pride arrests my sighs ;
A branch from this unworthy stock
Now blossoms in the skies.

Our hopes of thee were lofty,
But have we cause to grieve ?
O ! could our fondest, proudest wish
A nobler fate conceive ?

The little weeper, tearless,
The sinner, snatched from sin ;
The babe, to more than manhood grown,
Ere childhood did begin.

And I, thy earthly teacher,
Would blush thy powers to see ;
Thou art to me a parent now,
And I a child to thee !

What bliss is born of sorrow !
'T is never sent in vain—
The heavenly Surgeon wounds to save,
He gives no useless pain.

Our God, to call us homeward,
His only Son sent down :
And now, still more to tempt our hearts,
Has taken up our own.

THOMAS WARD.

EPITAPH ON FOUR INFANTS.

BOLD infidelity, turn pale and die !
Beneath this stone, four infants' ashes lie ;
Say, are they lost, or saved ?
If death's by sin, they sinned, because they're here ;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah ! how depraved !
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied ;
They died, for Adam sinned :—they live, for Jesus
died.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

CHILDREN TAKEN IN MERCY.

It may be your affliction is the loss of children. Well, have you not read such a message sent to a godly man, as that in 1 Samuel ii. : 33 ?—"The son of thine whom I shall not cut off shall be to consume thine eyes, and to grieve thine heart." It is possible that, if thy child had lived, it might have made thee the father of a fool, or (that I may speak to the sex that is most unable to bear this trial) the mother of a shame. It is a very ordinary thing for one living child to occasion more trouble than ten dead ones. However, your spiritual interests may be exceedingly injured by the temporal delights which you desire ; you may rue what you wish, because it may be an idol, which will render your souls like the "barren heath in the wilderness before the Lord." It was the very direful calamity of the ancient Israelites, in Psalm cvi. 15. "The Lord gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." A lean soul, a wretched soul, a soul pining away in its iniquities, is oftentimes the effect of those fine things which we dote upon. It is a blasted soul that sets up a creature in the room, on the throne of the great God, that gives unto a creature those affections and cares which are due unto the great God alone. Such idolatry the soul is too frequently by prosperity seduced into. We are told, in Proverbs i. 32,

“The prosperity of fools destroys them ;” many a fool is thus destroyed. O fearful case ! A full table and a lean soul ! A high title and a lean soul ! A numerous posterity and a soul even like the kine in Pharaoh’s dream ! Madness is in our hearts if we tremble not at this ; soul calamities are sore calamities.

Let not then the death of your children cause any inconsolable grief. The loss of children, did I say ?—nay, let me recall so harsh a word. The children we count lost, are not so. The death of our children is not the loss of our children. They are not lost, but given back ; they are not lost, but sent before.

COTTON MATHER.

AN INFANT’S DEATH.

“BE—rather than be called—a child of God,”
 Death whispered. With assenting nod,
 Its head upon its mother’s breast,
 The baby bowed without demur ;
 Of the kingdom of the blest,
 Possessor—not inheritor.

COLERIDGE.

WEEP NOT FOR HER.

WEEP not for her !—O she was far too fair,
Too pure to dwell on this guilt-tainted earth !
The sinless glory and the golden air
Of Zion seemed to claim her from her birth !
A spirit wandering from its native zone,
Which, soon discovering, took her for its own :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her !—Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright ;
Like flowers that know not what it is to die ;
Like long-link'd shadeless months of Polar light ;
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While Echo answers from the flowery brake,
Weep not for her !

THE LOST JEWEL.

DR. PAYSON, when engaged in paying pastoral visits to his spiritual flock, happened one day to enter "the house of mourning," and there he found a disconsolate mother, whose darling child had just been "taken from the evil to come," whom he thus addressed:—"Suppose, now, some one was making a beautiful crown for you to wear ; and you knew it

was for you, and that you were to receive it and wear it as soon as it should be done. Now, if the maker of it were to come, and, in order to make the crown more beautiful and splendid, were to take some of your jewels to put into it, should you be sorrowful and unhappy because they were taken away for a little while, when you knew they were gone to make up your crown ? ”

THE TRUE CONSOLER.

OH ! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of him to be our friend !

WORDSWORTH.

GOD SHIELD THEE, CHILDLESS MOTHER.

YOUNG mother ! what can feeble friendship say
To soothe the anguish of this mournful day ?
They, they alone, whose hearts like thine have bled,
Know how the living sorrow for the dead ;

Each tutored voice, that seeks such grief to cheer,
Strikes cold upon the weeping parent's ear :
I've felt it all,—alas ! too well I know
How vain all earthly power to hush thy woe !
God cheer thee, childless mother ! 't is not given
For man to ward the blow that falls from heaven.

I've felt it all—as thou art feeling now ;
Like thee, with stricken heart and aching brow,
I've sat and watched by dying beauty's bed,
And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed ;
I've gazed upon the sweet but pallid face,
And vainly tried some comfort there to trace ;
I've listened to the short and struggling breath ;
I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death ;
Like thee, I've veiled my head in speechless gloom,
And laid my first-born in the silent tomb.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

DEATH WITHOUT ITS STING.

MOURN not o'er early graves—for those
Removed whilst only buds are shown,
For God, who sowed and watered, knows
The time to gather in his own.

This blossom knows no winter's breath,
Sheltered beneath the Almighty wing;
And though it felt the stroke of death,
Blest babe! it never knew its sting.

LINKS IN THE HEAVENLY CHAIN.

THERE is something pleasing in this fact, that every infant that you lose is a link that binds you to the grave on the one hand, and a link also that binds you to eternity on the other. A portion of yourself has taken possession of the tomb, to remind you that you must lie down there. A soul that was related to yourself has taken possession of eternity, to remind you that you must enter there. Our bodies are, through our infants, in communion with the dust; and our spirits, through theirs, with the everlasting throne. We are so disposed to strike our roots into this fading and fainting earth, that it becomes mercy on the part of God to send those chastisements, which loosen our affections from a world doomed to flame. Each infant that we lose is a tie (holy and happy truth!) less to bind us to this world, and a tie more to bind our hearts to that better world where our infants have preceded us. It is thus God

gradually loosens the tree before it falls. Death thus loses half its pain before it overtakes us. Happy truth, if we realize it ! Happy lesson, if we feel it ! Good and gracious is that Father, who thus preaches to His people from the infant's bier, when they will not learn the lesson which they need from His ambassadors in the pulpit !

THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

MOTHER, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up his little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest ?
Nay, the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there ;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper,
Floating on the ambient air ?
It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour ;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.
And when, Night's dark shadows fleeing,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel babe is there !

EMILY JUDSON.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravelled pathway
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air ;
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door ;
 He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
 They played not in the hall ;
 But shadow and silence and sadness
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
 With sweet, familiar tone ;
 But the voices of the children
 Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

LONGFELLOW.

CHILDREN ENTERING HEAVEN.

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view ?
" I from Greenland's frozen land ; "
" I from India's sultry plain ; "
" I from Afric's barren sand ; "
" I from islands of the main. "
" All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last
At the portals of the sky ;
Each the welcome ' COME ' awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin ! "
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

EDMONDSON.

ON SEEING AN INFANT PREPARED FOR THE
GRAVE.

Go to thy sleep, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head ;
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,—
Haste from this fearful land,
Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart has learned
In waywardness to stray,
Before thy feet have turned
The dark and downward way ;
Ere sin has seared thy breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear,
Rise to thy home of rest
In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright ;
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight,
Shall Love, with weak embrace,
Thy outspread wing detain ?
No !—Angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear ;
And over my soul, in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide ;
For my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For her little boy that died.

And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay ;
“ Oh death, thou lovest the beautiful,”
In the woe of my spirit I cried,
For sparkled the eyes, and the forehead was fair,
Of the little boy that died !

Again I will go to my father's house,
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall.
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side ;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh, and weep again
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride ;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the door,
And I'll watch the children in their sports,
As I never did before ;
And if in the group I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,

Where the hope of our soul shall have no blight,
And our love no broken ties ;
We shall roam on the banks of the River of
Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide :
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died !

And, therefore, when I am sitting alone,
And the midnight hour is near,
When the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear,—
Oh, sweet o'er my soul in its solitude
Are the feelings of sadness that glide ;
Though my heart and my eyes are full, when I
think
Of the little boy that died.

JOSHUA D. ROBINSON.

OH ! the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot ;
Oh ! the shrouded and the lonely,
In our hearts they perish not.

KATIE IS GONE.

Written by Mr. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, the musical composer,
on the death of his daughter, aged five years.

KATIE is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came, and took her away. She was a lovely child—gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with us any longer. She had an angel sister in heaven, who was waiting for her. The angel sister was with us only a few months, but she has been in heaven many years, and she must have loved Katie, for everybody loved her. The loveliest flowers are often soonest plucked. If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others was heard, I knew Katie was near. If my study-door opened so gently and slyly that no sound could be heard, I knew Katie was coming. If, after an hour's quiet play, a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, "so as not to disturb papa," I knew Katie was going. When, in the midst of my composing, I heard a gentle voice saying, "Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be *very* still," I did not need to look off my work, to assure me that it was my little lamb. You stayed with me too long, Katie dear, to leave me so suddenly; and you are *too still* now. You became my little assistant—my home angel—

my youngest and sweetest singing-bird, and I miss the little voice that I have heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed upon my forehead, to "drive away the pain." I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs. I miss the little knock at my bed-room door in the morning, and the triple good-night kiss in the evening. I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces. I miss—oh! how I miss the foremost in the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for the first kiss. I do not stoop so low now, Katie, to give that first kiss. I miss you at the table, and at family worship. I miss your voice in "*I want to be an angel*," for nobody could sing it like you. I miss you in my rides and walks. I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near! But he did "truly" come, and the sweet flower is translated to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come." Wait a little while, Katie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be "home."

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

It is a beautiful belief,
 That ever round our head
 Are hovering on noiseless wing
 The spirits of the dead.
 It is a beautiful belief,
 When ended our career,
 That it will be our ministry
 To watch o'er others here ;
 To lend a moral to the flower,
 Breathe wisdom on the wind,
 To hold commune at night's lone hour,
 With the imprisoned mind ;
 To bid the mourner cease to mourn,
 The trembling be forgiven ;
 To bear away from ills of clay,
 The infant to its heaven.

THE WINTER BURIAL.

Composed on the burial of a child in a grave three feet
 deep in the snow.

Our baby lies under the snow, sweet wife,
 Our baby lies under the snow ;
 Out in the dark with the night,
 While the winds so loudly blow.

Shall we shut the baby out, sweet wife,
While the chilling winds do blow ?
O, the grave is now its bed,
And its coverlet is snow.

O, our merry bird has soared, sweet wife,
That a rain of music gave !
And the snow falls on our hearts,
And our hearts are each a grave.

O, she was the lamp of our life, sweet wife,
Blown out in a night of gloom !
A leaf from our flower of love,
Nipped in its fresh spring bloom.

But the lamp will shine above, sweet wife,
And the leaf again will grow,
Where there are no bitter winds,
And no dreary, dreary snow.

SHELDON CHADWIC

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH
OF HER SON.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced the darling's heart ;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonoured laid :
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravished young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live day long.
Death, oft I've feared thy fatal blow,
Now, fond I bare my breast ;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest !

ROBERT BURNS.

THERE is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain ;
'T is heaven that whispers—dry thy tears,
The pure in heaven shall meet again.

A MEMORY.

HER memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power ;
It is the perfume left behind
That whispers of the flower.

MRS. WELBY.

THE CROCUS.

BENEATH the sunny autumn sky,
With gold leaves dropping round,
We sought, my little friend and I,
The consecrated ground,
Where calm beneath the holy cross,
O'ershadowed by sweet skies,
Sleeps tranquilly that youthful form,
Those blue, unclouded eyes.

Around the soft green swelling mound
We scooped the earth away,
And buried deep the crocus bulbs
Against a coming day.
"These roots are dry, and brown, and sere,
Why plant them here?" he said,
"To leave them all the winter long
So desolate and dead."

"Dear child, within each sere dead form
There sleeps a living flower,
And angel-like it shall arise
In spring's returning hour."
Ah, deeper down—cold, dark, and chill,
We buried our heart's flower,
But angel-like shall he arise
In spring's immortal hour.

In blue and yellow from its grave
Springs up the crocus fair,
And God shall raise those bright blue eyes,
Those sunny waves of hair.
Not for a fading summer's morn,
Not for a fleeting hour,
But for an endless age of bliss,
Shall rise our heart's dear flower.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

A DIRGE.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit ! rest thee now ;
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust, to its narrow house beneath !
Soul, to its place on high !—
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths and sad the bowers
Whence thy meek smile is gone ;
But oh ! a brighter home than ours
In heaven is now thine own.

FELICIA HEMANS.

TO A BEREAVED FATHER.

I CANNOT, I dare not say, Weep not. Jesus wept at the grave of Lazarus, and, surely, He allows you to weep; surely, there is a "needs be" that you feel a heaviness under such a trial. But O, let hope and joy mitigate your heaviness. I know not how this or a former trial shall work for your good, but it is enough that God knows. He that said, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God," excepts not from this promise the sorest trial. You devoted your son to God; you cannot doubt that he accepted the surrender. If he has been hid in the chamber of the grave from the evil of sin, and from the evil of suffering, let not your eye be evil, when God is good. What you chiefly wished for him, and prayed on his behalf, was spiritual and heavenly blessings. If the greatest thing you wished for is accomplished, at the season and in the manner Infinite Wisdom saw best, refuse not to be comforted; you know not what work and joy have been waiting for him in that world, where God's "servants shall serve him." Should you sorrow immoderately when you have such ground of hope that he, and his other Parent, are rejoicing in what you lament? I know that nature will feel; and I believe suppressing its emotions in such cases is

not profitable, either to soul or body ; but, I trust, though you mourn, God will keep you from murmuring, and that you shall have to glory in your tribulation and infirmity, while the power of Christ is manifested thereby.

ERSKINE.

THE DEATH LULLABY.

SLEEP, baby, sleep !
 Once more upon my breast
 Thine aching head shall rest
 In quiet sleep.
 Sleep, baby, sleep !
 Sweetly thine eye is closing,
 Calmly thou'rt now reposing,
 In slumber deep.
 Sleep, angel baby, sleep !
 Not in thy cradle-bed
 Shall rest thy little head,
 But with the quiet dead,
 In dreamless sleep.

Does it not cast a nameless charm around an early death, to consider how entirely hidden from a child are all the black spots in this world of sin? Escaping not only the pollution of the world, but the knowledge that it exists—being old enough to trust the Saviour, though too young to know the dire effects of sin—they experience just enough of the evil of the fall to bring them in as subjects of the redemption. The little ones of Christ's flock are taken to the heavenly fold without coming into open contact with the destroyer of souls, and ere he has had time to spread his gilded baits before their eyes. The "depths of Satan"—those mysteries of evil by which he enslaves millions of victims—are all unknown to them. They have never been bound down by the iron chain of habit. Nor have they encountered temptations demanding a constant warfare, as those who have come to mature years, and who may have received the largest measures of the Spirit, know to their cost. *Are they not then qualified for a different mission in the economy of the kingdom of heaven, and for holding a different place in the glorified company—even as those who have endured a great fight of afflictions, and been pre-eminent exhibitions of God's grace, are thereby fitted for a higher sphere? May we not suppose that their Father in heaven, who early transplants*

so many of these little ones thither, has some special design to serve—some work for them in His house above—“for of such is the kingdom of heaven”?

THE WAY HOME.

THE CHILD ANGEL.

With what unknown delight the mother smiled,
When this frail treasure in her arms she pressed!
Her prayer was heard,—she clasped a living child,—
But how the gift transcends the poor request!
A child was all she asked, with many a vow;
Mother, behold the child an angel now!

Now in her Father's house she finds a place;
Or, if to earth she take a transient flight,
'Tis to fulfil the purpose of His grace,
To guide thy footsteps to the world of light;—
A ministering spirit sent to thee,
That where she is, there thou may'st also be.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL.

SHE was not quite one year old. I cannot venture to describe her. My heart swells, and is ready to break, at the thought of some sweet, touching

feature, some winning way * * * Sights of her asleep, when her mother and I stood over her with lamp in hand, are as deeply stamped on my mind as views in the Alps.

Sometimes I looked at her with a feeling of awe. Mine, indeed, she was ; but in what a subordinate sense ! That perfect frame, that wondrous mind, that immortal destiny, often made me shrink into nothingness at the contemplation of her,—feeling that God, in making her, had rolled a sphere into an orbit which is measureless, making it touch mine, but having a path of its own, which cannot be comprehended in that of another, not even in that of the earthly parent. I was glad that there was an infinite God to possess this infinite treasure and control it ; for it was too much for me. My enjoyment of her was often overshadowed by these thoughts. Still she was to me a perfect joy. Her beautifully unfolding life left me nothing to desire.

But the destroyer came. It had been an exceedingly hot summer, and disease began to waste the little face and frame. We saw that she must die ; we nevertheless maintained a cheerfulness of feeling which afterward seemed to us unnatural ; but no doubt it was kindly given to bear us through the trial. The last night that she was put to rest, her symptoms were favourable ; but, early in the morning, the nurse whispered to me that the child “looked strange,” and she led the way to the

nursery. The little patient lay with her hand under her cheek, her eyes were raised and fixed on the wall. I supposed that she was watching a shadow, and I spoke to her by name. She did not move, nor did she turn her eyes; I spoke again, and kissed her; it was in vain; the fearful truth flashed upon me that she was convulsed. We watched her till sundown, when she ceased to breathe.

I fear that some of you will smile, if I say she seemed to me the sweetest little thing that ever died; that, as she lay in her last sleep, no sight could be quite so beautiful and touching; that the loss of a child never, probably, awoke such tenderness of love and such grief. Suffer me at least to think so, without debate.

How can I tell you anything about the last sad scene at the grave? Enough to say that each of us kissed the sweet face; we gazed on her a few moments, while tears ran down; and some things were uttered, between speaking and crying, till at length her mother kneeled, and held her face near the little face, for a few moments, without a sound; then drew the white embroidered blanket over the little thing, for it was a cold day: and thus the last "Now I lay me down to sleep" seemed to be said and heard. I closed the lid. "Lieth down and riseth not, till the heavens be no more;"—what shall I have seen and known before I see this face again! That simple thing, the closing of the lid,

what a world of meaning was in it! My thoughts were making a whirlpool about me, till my eye was taken by the nearer approach of a man, in his shirt-sleeves and rough working garb, who respectfully seemed to intimate, We are ready, Sir, when you are. O must we, must we part? Must the grave have her? With an effort I said, "Thy will be done." I turned the key, and took it out of the lock, and understood how even good men could have opened their mouths, at certain times, against the day of their birth. We waited. In a few moments, one more little mound grew up from the earth; the clods of the valley had become sweet to one more father and mother.

We rode away. I was glad that the horses started off so fast, though, for the first moment, it shocked me. I was expecting to move away at the slow, solemn pace with which we came.

Turning a corner in the cemetery, a little stone over a little grave, the only one in the enclosure, caught my eye, as we drove past, with this inscription: CHARLIE. Ah, is Charlie dead? I felt very sorry. Who Charlie was, I did not know; but his father, I thought, had been there on an errand like mine. Had I met him in the street, on my way home, some one pointing him out to me, I would have stopped him, and told him what I had seen, and that Agnes was dead. For a moment, the stream of my grief was broken and divided by that

little headstone, as a great river is divided by the delta at its mouth ; but it came together again very soon.

AGNES AND THE LITTLE KEY.

OUR LITTLE SPOT OF LAND.

WE have a little spot of land,
 (I mean my wife and I,
For we are partners joint on earth,
 Where our possessions lie :)
Just o'er the village-green 't is found,
 Close by a shady dell,
Where silence reigns—except when death
 Rings out a solemn knell.

We have no title-deed of land
 Besides this narrow spot ;
Others can boast their ample farms ;
 We have this little lot ;
The grass waves sweetly o'er it when
 The summer air is bland ;
'T is worth—'t is worth—we cannot rate
 Our little spot of land.

We've read of islets far away,
 Where balmy gales blow free ;
Fair islets of the earth that lie
 Like emeralds on the sea ;

But not for these far-distant isles,
By spicy breezes fanned,
Would we exchange this humble claim—
Our little spot of land.

There's Ind beyond the rolling main,
Renowned for jewels bright;
And yet with all her treasures told,
Her pearls and gems of light,
Her mines of wealth and sparkling streams
That roll o'er golden sand,
She charms us not—when once we view
Our little spot of land.

Nay, bring the gold of every clime,
The wealth of every shore;
Let ocean yield her riches up—
And lay them at our door:
Then swell the pile a thousand fold
By some enchanter's wand;—
The whole can never buy of us
Our little spot of land.

Ah, no! A dearer treasure this
To hearts that once have bled,
Though neither pearls nor rubies lie
Within its grassy bed;
'Tis all the land we've title to,
And *this* deep sorrow gave;
Our tears have watered it as rain,—
It is our infant's grave.

THE HAPPY HOME.

THE OTHER SIDE.

ONCE, in a happy home, a sweet, bright baby died. On the evening of the day, when the children gathered round their mother, all sitting very sorrowful, Alice, the eldest, said, "Mother, you took all the care of baby while she was here, and you carried and held her in your arms all the while she was ill. Now, mother, *who took her on the other side?*" "On the other side of what, Alice?" "On the other side of death; who took the baby on the other side, mother? she was so little she could not go alone." "Jesus met her there," answered the mother. "It is He who took little children in his arms to bless them, and said, 'Suffer them to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven!' He took the baby on the other side."

THE GIFT.

THEN thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent.

MILTON.

CONSOLATION AT THE GRAVE.

THE Rev. Robert Hall, in speaking of the death of his little son, says, "God dries up the channels, that you may be haply compelled to plunge into an infinite ocean of happiness." Blissful thought ! Father, mother, you who mourn over the grave of your little one, look up ! know that the chastening rod is in your heavenly Father's hand, and that if He hath taken away, He first did give, and He doeth all things well. He gave you the bud of beauty, and you centred your happiness in its being. He saw that this was not for your good, so He took away the child, whose presence had been as a leaping, sparkling streamlet to your heart's love, that that heart, which had before but tasted of earthly, might be lost in the immensity of heavenly love.

LOVE BLESSED, EVEN IN ITS LOSSES.

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall—
I felt it, when I sorrowed most—
'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

TENNYSON.

THE DROWNED CHILD.

PUSH away the dripping ringlets
From the childish brow and fair ;
Weep, and kiss the little sleeper,
Lying in his beauty there.

See the eyelids' silken fringes
Sweeping o'er the cheek of snow ;
Never more may tear-drop gather
In the eyes that sparkled so.

Ask the waters if they heard not,
As they gleamed and flashed away,
Sound of angel-pinions, blending
With the music of their spray ?

If they saw not, in the sunlight,
Angel forms from heaven come—
Come to bear away our Willie
To his bright and starry home ?

LITTLE PILGRIM.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

THERE was once a mother, kneeling by the bedside of the little one whom she hourly expected to lose. With what eyes of passionate love had she watched every change in that beautiful face ! How had her eyes pierced the heart of the physician, at his last visit, when they glared rather than asked the question whether there yet was hope ! How had she wearied heaven with vows that if it would but grant—" Ah," you say, " you can imagine all that without any difficulty at all." Imagine this too. Overwearied with watching, she fell into a doze beside the couch of her infant, and she dreamt in a few moments (as we are wont to do) the seeming history of long years. She thought she heard a voice from heaven say to her, as to Hezekiah, " I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy prayers ; he shall live ; and yourself shall have the roll of his history presented to you." " Ah ! " you say, " you can imagine all *that* too." And straightway she thought she saw her sweet child in the bloom of health, innocent and playful as her fond heart could wish. Yet a little while, and she saw him in the flush of opening youth ; beautiful as ever, but beautiful as a young panther, from whose eyes wild flashes and fitful passion ever and anon gleamed ;

and she thought how beautiful he looked, even in these moods, for she was a mother. But she also thought how many tears and sorrows may be needful to temper or quench these fires! And she seemed to follow him through a rapid succession of scenes—now of troubled sunshine—now of deep gathering gloom. His sorrows were all of a common lot, but involved a sense of agony far greater than that which *she* would have felt from his early loss; yes, greater even to her—and how much greater to him! She saw him more than once wrestling with pangs more agonizing than those which now threatened his infancy; she saw him involved in error, and with difficulty extricating himself; betrayed into youthful sins, and repenting with scalding tears; she saw him half ruined by transient prosperity, and scourged into tardy wisdom only by long adversity; she saw him worn and haggard with care,—his spirit crushed, and his early beauty all wan and blasted; worse still, she saw him *thrice* stricken with that very shaft which she had so dreaded to feel but once, and mourned to think that her prayers had prevailed to prevent her own sorrows only to multiply his; worst of all, she saw him, as she thought, in a darkened chamber; kneeling beside a coffin in which youth and beauty slept their last sleep; and, as it seemed, her own image stood beside him, and uttered unheeded love to a sorrow that “refused to be comforted;”

and as she gazed on that face of stony despair she seemed to hear a voice which said, "If thou *wilt* have thy floweret of earth unfold on earth, thou must not wonder at bleak winters and inclement skies. *I* would have transplanted it to a more genial clime; but thou wouldest not." And with a cry of terror she awoke. She turned to the sleeping figure before her, and sobbing, *hoped* it was sleeping its last sleep. She listened for his breathing—she heard none; she lifted the taper to his lips—the flame wavered not; he had indeed passed away while she dreamed that he lived; and she rose from her knees, and was *comforted*. "Ah!" you will say, "these sorrows could *never* have been the lot of *my* sweet child!" It is hard to set one's logic against a mother's love; I can only remind you, my dear cousin, that it has been the lot of thousands, whose mothers, as their little ones crowed and laughed in their arms in childish happiness, would have sworn to the same impossibility. But for *you*,—you know what they could only believe; that it is an impossibility. Nay, I might hint at yet profounder consolation,—if, indeed, there ever existed a mother who could fancy that, in the case of her *own* child, it could ever be needed. Yet *facts* sufficiently show us, that what the dreaming mother saw—errors retrieved, sins committed but repented of, and sorrows that taught wisdom—are not *always* seen, and that children may, in spite

of all, persist in exploring the path of evil—"deeper and deeper still!" With the shadow of uncertainty whether it may not be so with any child, is there no consolation in thinking that even that shadow has passed away? For aught we know, many and many a mother may hereafter hear her lost darling say, "Sweet mother, I was taken from you a *little* while, only that I might abide with you for ever!"

GREYSON LETTERS, BY HENRY ROGERS.

THRENODIA.

GONE, gone from us! and shall we see
Those sybil-leaves of destiny,
 Those calm eyes, nevermore?
Those deep, dark eyes so warm and bright,
 Wherein the features of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
 In characters a child might scan?
So bright, and gone forth utterly!
 O stern word—Nevermore!

The stars of those two gentle eyes
 Will shine no more on earth;
 Quenched are the hopes that had their birth,
As we watched them slowly rise,

Stars of a mother's fate ;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
 Pondering, as she sate,
 Over their dear astrology,
Which she had conned and conned before,
Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.
 And yet, alas ! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
 And tears would slide from out her eye,
Silent, as they were doing wrong.
 O stern word—Nevermore !

The tongue that scarce had learned to claim
 An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
 Sleeps all forgetful of its art !
I loved to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness !)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
 His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
 Or hushing to a smile
 That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him stole
 And snatched him to her breast !
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes,
That would have soared like strong-winged birds

Far, far into the skies,
Gladdening the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long !
O stern word—Nevermore !

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless him with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts ! they made her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands !
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep.
Alas ! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber ;
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
O, may we see his eyelids open then !
O stern word—Nevermore !

As the airy gossamere,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all :
O stern word—Nevermore !

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening their fairy chime ;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore,
While yet 't was early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more ;
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel ;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more :
O stern word—Nevermore !
Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;

The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God :
O blest word—Evermore !

J. R. LOWELL.

GOD KNOWS WHAT IS BEST FOR US.

MOURNER, whatever may be your grief for the death of your children, it might have been still greater for their life. Bitter experience once led a good man to say, "It is better to weep for ten children dead, than for one living." Remember the heart-piercing affliction of David, whose son sought his life. Your love for your children will hardly admit of the thought of such a thing as possible, in your own case. They appeared innocent and amiable; and you fondly believed, that through your care and prayers, they would have become the joy of your hearts. But may not Esau, when a child, have promised as much comfort to his parents as Jacob? Probably he had as many of their prayers and

counsels. But as years advanced, he despised their admonitions, and filled their hearts with grief. As a promoter of family religion, who ever received such an encomium from the God of heaven as Abraham? How tenderly did the good man pray for Ishmael! "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" Yet how little comfort did Ishmael afford.

Alas! in these days of degeneracy, parents much more frequently witness the vices of their children than their virtues. And even should your children prove amiable and promising, you might live to be the wretched witness of their sufferings. Some parents have felt unutterable agonies of this kind.

God may have taken the lamented objects of your affection from the evil to come. When extraordinary calamities are coming on the world, He frequently hides some of His feeblers children in the grave. Surely, at such a portentous period, it is happier, for such as are prepared, to be lodged in that peaceful mansion, than to be exposed to calamities and distresses here. Thus intimates the prophet Jeremiah, "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." It was in a day when the faith and patience of the saints were peculiarly tried, that the voice from heaven said, "Write, blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord, from henceforth."

FLAVEL.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead ?
He to rest is early gone,
He to paradise is fled !
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan !
He hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own.
Surely what He wills is best ;
Happy in his will I rest.

Faith cries out, " It is the Lord !
Let Him do what seems Him good :
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed ;
Take the child, no longer mine ;
Thine he is, for ever thine ! "

CHARLES WESLEY.

THE DEATH OF A CHILD AT DAYBREAK.

"Let me go, for the day breaketh."

GEN. xxxi. 35.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Kindest mother, drowned in woe;
How thy fond caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go.

See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On this world's wild boisterous flood,
Pierced with sorrow, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart finds rest,
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turned towards their home;
Raptured they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come.

There, my mother, pleasures centre ;
Weeping, parting, care, or woe
Ne'er our father's house can enter—
Morn advances—let me go.

As through this calm and holy dawning,
Silent glides my parting breath
To an everlasting morning—
Gently close my eyes on death.

Blessings, endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart !
Though no language yet possessing
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet to leave thee sorrowing grieves me,
Though again his voice I hear—
Rise !—may every grace attend thee,
Rise ! and seek to meet me there !

R. CROIL.

SORROW.

HE that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.
Where sorrow's held intrusive, and turned out,
There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.

HENRY TAYLOR.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her
name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh sweet as a rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air!
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,

But paler and colder the beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the Healer was there, who had smitten her
heart,
And taken her treasure away :
To allure her to heaven, He has placed it on high
And the mourner will sweetly obey ;
There had whispered a voice—'t was the voice of her
God—
“ I love thee—I love thee—pass under the rod.”

MRS. DANA.

'T WAS BUT A BABE.

I ASKED them why the verdant turf was riven
From its young rooting ; and with silent lip
They pointed to a new-made chasm among
The marble-pillared mansions of the dead.
Who goeth to his rest in yon damp couch ?
The tearless crowd pass on—“ 't was but a babe.”
A babe! And poise ye in the rigid scales
Of calculation the fond bosom's wealth ?
Rating its priceless idols as ye weigh
Such merchandise as moth and rust corrupt,
Or the rude robber steals ? Ye mete out grief

Perchance when youth, maturity, or age
Sink in the thronging tomb ; but when the breath
Grows icy on the lip of innocence,
Repress your measured sympathies, and say,
" 'Twas but a babe ! "

What know ye of her love,
Who patient watcheth, till the stars grow dim,
Over her drooping infant, with an eye
Bright as unchanging hope of his repose ?
What know ye of her woe, who sought no joy
More exquisite than on his placid brow
To trace the glow of health, and drink at dawn
The thrilling lustre of his waking smile ?

Go ask that musing father, why yon grave,
So narrow and so noteless, might not close
Without a tear ?

And though his lips be mute,
Feeling the poverty of speech, to give
Fit answer to thee, still his pallid brow,
And the deep agonizing prayer that loads
Midnight, dark'ning to him the God of strength,
May satisfy the question.

Ye who mourn
Whene'er yon vacant cradle, or the robes
That decked the lost one's form, call back a tide
Of alienated joy, can ye not trust
Your treasure to his arms, whose changeless care
Passeth a mother's love ? Can ye not hope,
When a few wasting years their course have run,

To go to him, though he no more on earth
Returns to you ?

And when glad Faith doth catch
Some echo of celestial harmonies,
Archangel's praises, with the high response
Of cherubim and seraphim, oh, think
Your babe is there !

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

As the sweet flower that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day ;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

It died to sin—it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod.
Oh mourner ! such the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

FUNERAL HYMN.

WHERE the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
By the forest river
Sleeps our babe alone.
England's field-flowers may not deck his grave,
Cypress shadows o'er him darkly wave.

Woods unknown receive him
Midst the mighty wild ;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child !
And our tears gush o'er his lonely dust,
Mournfully, yet still from hearts of trust.

Though his eye hath brightened
Oft our weary way,
And his clear laugh lightened
Half our heart's dismay ;
Still in hope we give back what was given,
Yielding up the beautiful to heaven.

And to her who bore him,
Her who long must weep,
Yet shall heaven restore him
From his pale sweet sleep !
Those blue eyes of love and peace again
Through her soul will shine, undimmed by pain.

Where the long reeds quiver,
Where the pines make moan,
Leave we by the river
Earth to earth alone !
God and Father ! may our journeyings on
Lead to where the blessed boy is gone !

From the exile's sorrow,
From the wanderer's dread
Of the night and morrow,
Early, brightly fled ;
Thou hast called him to a sweeter home,
Than our lost one o'er the ocean's foam.

Now let thought behold him
With his angel look,
Where those arms enfold him
Which benignly took
Israel's babes to their good Shepherd's breast.
When his voice their tender meekness blessed.

Turn thee now, fond mother !
From thy dead, oh, turn !
Linger not, young brother,
Here to dream and mourn !
Only kneel once more around the sod,
Kneel, and bow submitted hearts to God.

MRS. HEMANS

TO A DEPARTED CHILD.

I YIELD thee unto higher spheres ;
I bend my head and say, "Thy will,
Not mine, be done," though bitter tears
The while mine eyelids fill.

I know thou hast escaped the blight
That waits us here, and entered now
To perfect day,—though in the night
Bereft of thee we bow.

And yet thy little sunny life
Was beautiful as it was brief:
It was not vexed by pain or strife,
It knew but little grief.

The sunshine from our house is gone,
And from our hearts their peace and joy ;
We feel so terribly alone
Without thee, dearest boy !

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair
God's earth could be, and taught us love ;
And in life's tapestry of care
A golden figure wove.

Steel as we will our hearts to bear,
Grief will not wholly be denied ;
The ineffectual dykes we rear
Go down before its tide.

We lie all prostrate,—cannot feel
God's love ; we only cry aloud,
“ O God ! O God ! ” for all things reel,
And God hides in a cloud.

We blindly wail, for we are maimed
Beyond repair, until at last
He lifts us up,—all bleeding, lamed,
And shattered by the blast.

He asks, “ And would you wish him back,
Whom I have taken to my joy,—
Drag downward to life's narrow track
Your little spirit boy ? ”

“ No ! no ! ” the spirit makes reply,—
“ Not back to earthly chance and pain ; ”
“ Yet ah ! ” the shattered senses cry,
“ Would he were here again ! ”

He was so meshed within our love
That all our heart-strings bleeding lie,
And all fond hopes we round him wove
Are now but agony.

Yet let us suffer ; he is freed,
And on our tears a bridge of light
Is built by God, his steps to lead
To joys beyond our sight.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

EPITAPH FROM AN IRISH COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

A LITTLE spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear ;
Oh ! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night !
The chill winds came—the young flower faded
And died—the grave its sweetness shaded.
Fair boy ! thou shouldst have wept for me,
Not I have had to mourn o'er thee ;
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring-gales next those roses wave
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

SUBMISSION.

LIKE a bowed lily lies her fair young head :
Cold in her shroud : colder the heart below !
No more the feverish pulses come and go ;
The watchers are the watchers of the dead.

Sad eyes, that saw her fade, are full of tears ;
Fond hands, that smoothed her pillow, clasped in
prayer ;
And love goes wailing in its dark despair,
Till the sweet dawning of God's grace appears.

O blest the soul whose lips of faith can say
In the storm lulls of grief—"Thy will be done!"
O blest the soul that trusts that Holy One,
Who in his bosom bears his lambs away !

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

OUR BESSIE.

OUR Bessie was as sweet a girl
As ever happy mother kissed,
And when our Father called her home,
How sadly was she missed !
For, grave or gay, or well or ill,
She had her thousand winning ways,
And mingled youthful innocence
With all her tasks and plays.

How softly beamed her happy smile,
Which played around the sweetest mouth
That ever fashioned infant words ;
The sunshine of the south,
Mellowed and soft, was in her eye,
And brightened through her golden hair ;
And all that lived and loved, I ween,
Did her affection share.

With reverent voice she breathed her prayer,
With gentlest tones she sung her hymn ;
And when she talked of heaven, our eyes
With tears of joy were dim.
Yet in our selfish grief we wept,
When last her lips upon us smiled ;
O ! could we, when our Father called,
Detain the happy child ?

Our home is poor, and cold our clime,
And misery mingles with our mirth;
'T was meet our Bessie should depart
From such a weary earth.
O! she is safe—no cloud can dim
The brightness of her ransomed soul;
Nor trials vex, nor tempter lure
Her spirit from its goal.

We wrapt her in her snow-white shroud,
And crossed, with sadly tender care,
Her little hands upon her breast,
And smoothed her sunny hair.
We kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow;
And if aright we read the smile
That lingered on the dear one's lips,
It told of heaven the while!

W. H. BURLEIGH.

GRIEF.

GRIEF fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

CASA WAPPY.*

AND hast thou sought thy heavenly home
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come
Where life is joy ?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth ;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy !

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye ;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die ;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathomed agony,
Casa Wappy !

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven ;
So dear to us thou wert, thou art

* The self-conferred pet name of an infant son of the author, who was snatched away after a very brief illness.

Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy !

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'T was cloudless joy ;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy !
This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy !

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled !
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child !
Humbly we bow to fate's decree ;
Yet had we hoped that time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy !

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight ;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light !
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till, oh ! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy !

Methinks thou smil'st before me now
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health;
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings, idly scattered there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word—
To glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind, blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
Are changed,—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy !

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth ;
We miss thy small step on the stair ;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer !
All day we miss thee everywhere,
Casa Wappy !

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring-bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and the " busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy !

'T is so ; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom in death that we and ours
For aye remain ?
O ! can it be that o'er the grave
The grass renewed shall yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save ?—
Casa Wappy !

It cannot be ; for were it so
 Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,
 And Truth a lie ;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy !

Then be to us, O dear, lost child !
 With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above.
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy !

Yes, 't is sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there
 With Him in joy ;
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy !

Farewell, then—for awhile, farewell—
 Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell
 Thus torn apart ;

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee ;
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy !

D. M. MOIR.

How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy !

YOUNG.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

THERE are our loved ones in their rest ;
They've crossed Time's river,—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share :
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river !

DEW.

“O, DEAREST mother, tell me, pray,
Why are the dewdrops gone so soon?
Could they not stay till close of day,
To twinkle on the flowery spray,
Or on the field till noon?”

“My child, ’tis said such beauteous things,
Too often loved with vain excess,
Are swept away by angel-wings,
Before contamination clings
To their pure loveliness.

“Behold yon rainbow brightening yet,
To which all mingled hues are given;
There are thy dewdrops, grandly set
In a resplendent coronet
Upon the brow of heaven.

“No earthly stain can reach them there;
Woven with sunbeams there they shine,
A transient vision of the air,
But yet a symbol pure and fair
Of love and peace divine.”

The child looked upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
And o'er its sweet and thoughtful face
Came a faint glory, and a grace
Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May,
That child beneath the flowers was laid ;
Like dew, its spirit passed away
To mingle in eternal day,
With angels perfect made.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

MY CHILD.

A LIGHT is from our household gone,
A voice we loved is stilled,
A place is vacant at our hearth
Which never can be filled ;
A gentle heart, that throbbed but now
With tenderness and love,
Has hushed its weary throbbings here,
To throb in bliss above.
Yes, to the home where angels are,
Her trusting soul has fled,
And yet we bend above the tomb
With tears, and call her dead.
We call her dead, but ah ! we know
She dwells where living waters flow.

THE LITTLE BOY'S BURIAL.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm sad brows, and raven hair,
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown ;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye,
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
And all of Love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell ;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground shall live again ;

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien, and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

BRYANT.

CAN I WISH HIM BACK AGAIN?

COULD I wish that this young inhabitant of heaven should be degraded to earth again? Or would it thank me for that wish? Would it say that it was the part of a wise parent, to call it down from a sphere of such exalted services and pleasures to our low life here upon earth? Let me rather be thankful for the pleasing hope, that though God loves my child too well to permit it to return to me, He will ere long bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one further charm and joy even to paradise itself.

DODDRIDGE.

THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's long weeping ;
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it,
To the sunny heavenly plain
Dost Thou now with joy receive it ;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving,
Then the gain of death we prove
Though Thou take what most we love.

MEINHOLD.

MISS WINKWORTH'S *Translation*, "*Lyra Germanica*,"
2d Series. (Longman & Co.)

DEAD LITTLE ONES.

" The harp of heaven
Had lacked its least, but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it."

BEREAVED mother ! take comfort in the thought that your little ones are safe in the heavenly home. A father once said, " I have had six children ; and I bless God that they are all either *with* Christ, or *in* Christ, and my mind is now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should have served Christ on earth ; but if God will choose to have them rather serve him in heaven, *I have nothing to object to it.*"

Mother ! listen ! Two dear children were one day seen very ill in the same room ; the eldest of the two was heard frequently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce the word " Hallelujah ! " but without success ; the dear little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death, he was silent for a moment, and then looking up at his mother, said, " Johnny can say ' Hallelujah ' now, mother ! " In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing " Hallelujah ! " together. Mothers ! many of your

little ones could not sing the praises of their Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the upper temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers !

DEATH'S GENTLEST STROKE.

THE soul of the cherub child, that dies on its mother's breast, wings its way to heaven, unconscious of the joys it might share here, as well as of the many, many miseries of which it might be partaker. This can hardly be called *death*. It is but the calm, soft ebbing of the gentle tide of life, to flow no more in the troubled ocean of existence ; it is but the removal of a fair creature, —“too pure for earthly stay,”—to make one of that bright band of cherubim which encompasses in glory and in joy the throne of the living God.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

THOU 'RT mine, yes, still thou art mine own !

Who tells me thou art lost ?

But yet thou art not mine alone ;

I own that He who crossed

My hopes, hath greatest right in thee ;

Yea, though He ask and take from me

Thee, O my son, my heart's delight,

My wish, my thought, by day and night.

Ah might I wish, ah might I choose,

Then thou, my star, shouldst live,

And gladly for thy sake I'd lose

All else that life can give.

Oh, fain I'd say: Abide with me,

The sunshine of my house to be,

No other joy but this I crave,

To love thee, darling, to my grave !

Thus saith my heart, and means it well ;

God meaneth better still ;

My love is more than words can tell,

His love is greater still ;

I am a father, He the Head
And Crown of fathers, whence is shed
The life and love from which have sprung
All blessed ties in old and young.

I long for thee, my son, my own ;
And He who once hath given,
Will have thee now beside his throne,
To live with Him in heaven.
I cry, Alas ! my light, my child !
But God hath welcome on him smiled,
And said : " My child, I keep thee near,
For there is nought but gladness here."

Oh blessed word, oh deep decree,
More holy than we think !
With God no grief or woe can be,
No bitter cup to drink,
No sickening hopes, no want or care,
No hurt can ever reach him there ;
Yes, in that Father's sheltered home
I know that sorrow cannot come.

We pass our nights in wakeful thought
For our dear children's sake ;
All day our anxious toil hath sought
How best for them to make
A future safe from care or need,
Yet seldom do our schemes succeed ;
How seldom does their future prove
What we had planned for those we love !

How many a child of promise fair
Ere now hath gone astray,
By ill example taught to dare,
Forsake Christ's holy way.
Oh, fearful the reward is then,
The wrath of God, the scorn of men !
The bitterest tears that e'er are shed
Are his who mourns a child misled.

But now I need not fear for thee,
Where thou art, all is well ;
For thou thy Father's face dost see,
With Jesus thou dost dwell !
Yes, cloudless joys around him shine,
His heart shall never ache like mine,
He sees the radiant armies glow
That keep and guide us here below :

He hears their singing evermore,
His little voice too sings,
He drinks of wisdom's deepest lore,
He speaks of secret things,
That we can never see or know
Howe'er we seek or strive below,
While yet amid the mists we stand
That veil this dark and tearful land.

Oh that I could but watch afar,
And hearken but awhile
To that sweet song that hath no jar,
And see his heavenly smile,

As he doth praise the holy God,
Who made him pure for that abode !
In tears of joy full well I know
This burdened heart would overflow.

And I should say : Stay here, my son,
 My wild laments are o'er,
O well for thee that thou hast won,
 I call thee back no more ;
But come, thou fiery chariot, come,
And bear me swiftly to that home
Where he with many a loved one dwells,
And evermore of gladness tells !

Then be it as my Father wills,
 I will not weep for thee ;
Thou livest, joy thy spirit fills,
 Pure sunshine thou dost see,
The sunshine of eternal rest :
Abide, my child, where thou art blest ;
I with our friends will onward fare,
And, when God wills, shall find thee there.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1650.

MISS WINKWORTH'S *Translation*, "*Lyra Germanica*,"
2d Series. (Longman & Co.)

NO BITTER TEARS FOR THEE.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being ! seen and gone !
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O ever dear departed one !
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

O ! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief !
Now, not a sullyng breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

DUTY IN SEASONS OF AFFLICTION.

Who can say, even after the severest loss, I have no duties, no cares, in life remaining ? Much less can a tender mother say it, who has still so many looking to her advice, and, what is almost more, to her example. It is not the smallest part of the good that you may do them to let them see what effect great trials have upon your mind, and that Christianity enables you to bear up against such a stroke.

HANNAH MORE.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

LEIGH HUNT says, "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other parents with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This one alone is rendered an immortal child."

WORDS OF COMFORT.

* * * * AND when we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner, the love that He manifested to children on earth, how He suffered them to approach his person, and lavishing endearment and kindness upon them in the streets of Jerusalem, told his disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before Him; tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance around an infant's tomb? And should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot

think that we venture too far when we say, that he has only to persevere in the faith, and in the following of the gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk has been transplanted there to a place of endurance, and there it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation.

CHALMERS.

APPENDIX.

THE NECESSITY OF INFANTS' DEATH.

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world,—the fresh flowers of our hearths and homes,—little conjurers, with their “natural magic,” evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child!

Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is “to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children,” and to draw “the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.” A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favourable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from, much that engenders and encourages selfishness that freezes the affections, roughens the manners,

indurates the heart ; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it was not embellished by little children ; *but* it would be a far more terrible one *if little children did not die!* Many, I dare say, would be shocked by this assertion. It may be true, however, nevertheless.

I am quite aware that death is in itself a very fearful thing ; and that *premature* death is thought to be “mysterious,”—something to be submitted to as incapable of being reconciled with the idea of presiding wisdom and love,—to be mourned over as an unmixed evil, expressive only of the wrath of God and the misery of man ! Now, I quite hold that death is *punitive*. I believe it to be the consequence and the proof of the apostasy. I take it to be the mode of departure from earth which was *introduced by sin*,—painful, appalling, dark,—instead of that bright and glorious translation which would probably have awaited successful virtue.

You will please to observe, that, as no world of limited extent could have continued the fixed dwelling-place of immortals, whose numbers were perpetually receiving augmentation, and as the primary law of all intelligence would seem to be that of progress and advancement, the probability is, that man was never meant for this world only ; departure from it would be the law of his creation ; but, on the alternative of his retaining his loyalty to God, that departure would have occurred after the full development of his nature *here* had fitted him for

a rise in the scale of being, and it would have come in the form of reward and honour, perhaps with visible and public splendour—the joyous congratulations of those left on earth mingling with the welcome, the symphonies, and the songs of those superior spirits, to whose higher sphere the individual ascended. Sin, however, reversed all this. Instead of it, humanity had to “depart hence” by returning to the dust; to go down into the dark valley, and to pass thus towards the awful future—the vast unknown!

Death, then, simply considered, having become the law by which man's residence here was to terminate, and humanity having become what entirely changed its character and circumstances—giving a few importance to the relationships of life, and impressing uncertainty, to say the least, on the future beyond it;—this being the case, *to render life itself tolerable to man*, it was necessary that the fixed general law should be softened and modified by two others. That is to say, it was necessary that death should so occur as not to be of the nature of a distinct, positive, and public *revelation* of the precise *future* into which each individual passed; and that men should live *utterly uncertain* as to when they were to die.

The punitive character of the original law being admitted, anything that would modify it in these two respects would be of the nature of *benevolent relief*. This relief is accorded to us. The first is provided for by death happening *alike to all*, and the second by its occurring *at all ages*. Whatever

the character of individuals may be,—however possible it is for any to acquire a fitness for a higher sphere (and that, as we believe, is pre-eminently possible through Christ),—still, *all* die, and, as a general rule, under the like circumstances of pain and suffering, and very generally, too, with similar feelings to themselves and to the survivors. There is not such a difference between the deathbeds of the religious and the worldly, except in particular cases, as some may suppose; and there is always that ignorance in relation to the dead which makes it possible to the living to hope. So far, therefore, as all the *circumstantials* of death are concerned,—the precursors and attendants and immediate results, disease, pain, dissolution, corruption, which in all ages have constituted topics of pathetic discourse or subjects for odes and songs of lamentation,—so far as these are concerned, they are the benevolent products of a modifying law, with which God in his goodness has softened the rigour of the original infliction.

The same principle applies to premature death. All of you can see that a general law, terminating life in all cases on a precise day, would be painful and intolerable; it would poison life from first to last, and it might provoke and exasperate licence and lust. It is important both for happiness and virtue that no one should know when he is to die. This object, however, can only be secured by death happening at every moment throughout the entire period allotted to man;—extreme cases, even, such as death before leaving the spring-head and fountain

of life, and death being delayed beyond all known or ordinary instances, they are alike the working out of the same law. To secure, then, the proposed object,—to place humanity under the most gracious and benevolent constitution of things at all *possible* now,—in order that men might so live as to *enjoy* life, because happily ignorant respecting its termination,—on this account it is that infants and young children die; that youths and maidens die; that the young man splendidly endowed, the young woman beautiful and accomplished, die; the bride in her day of tremulous delight, the mother in the hour of her new joy, the strong man in the glory of his strength,—on *this* account they die. They die, that *all who live* may live on under the blessed consciousness that *they* know not when they are to die. The whole race reaps the benefit of premature mortality. The glow and brightness of all life is connected with the graves and sepulchres of the young. Those who die early, or in the midst of their days, enjoy the advantage while they live. But the law would be infringed, and would be contradictory and unnatural, if *parents* were to be *sure* that no child could possibly die till it was a day old, or a month, or a year, or two years, or ten;—to be thoroughly kind, the law must be carried out to its farthest extent, and come into play from the very first moment of possible vitality. Hence it is that infants die;—they die through the working of a most benevolent secondary law, brought in to break the rigour of the first; and they die for the *benefit of the race*. Their lives are taken for the sake of securing

the happiness of the world. I had almost said—and I *may* say it as speaking *in a figure*—that a babe in its coffin may be supposed to look, to its weeping parents, like a little “dead Christ!” It has died vicariously, to secure a temporal advantage for the world, even as Christ died vicariously to secure for it a spiritual redemption. The one dies, that we may not know *when* we shall die; the other died, that we *might* know “that our Redeemer liveth.” By the one fact we are enabled to endure life; by the other we are taught to die in hope, and to look forward to the resurrection of the dead. Let a halo of glory, then, seem to encircle that fair brow—the brow of that little babe, lying cold and dead there on the lap of its mother! Poor mother! thy sorrow is great! Weep away—let the hot tears gush out; it is not the time to speak to thee now. But very soon thou wilt come to understand how all thy life thou hast been reaping advantages *that came to thee by the death of the infants of others*; and thou wilt learn to acquiesce in what is really the result of one of the most benevolent of God’s arrangements. The death of thy child *as a human being* is free from sin; but his death *as a child* is, because he is one of the chosen of the race, whose lot and mission are not to live *to do and to enjoy*, but simply to die,—but to die for the benefit of the whole species, the world over! —(*Extracted from “Is it Possible to make the Best of both Worlds?”* by T. BINNEY.)

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